THE

# LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

## Vol. 45, N°. 2, for February, 1814.

*This Number is embellished with the following Plates:*

1. Portrait of the EMPEROR, FRANCIS II.
2. Fashionable COSTUMÈ for March.
3. PATTERN for a TIPPET.

CONTENTS.

The Adopted Child, page 59
Modern Life delineated, 62
The Old Gentlewoman.—Modern Christmas, 66
The Rich Wife, 68
Old Maids, 69
The Brothers, 71
Highland Hermitage, 74
Charity, 78
The Streets, 80
Skepticism, 81
Permanent Provision for the Poor, 82
Switzerland, as it was in 1790, 84
Anecdotes of Peter the Great, 89
French Affection, 90
Meanness of Pride, 90
Courtly Politeness and Sincerity, 91
A Resurrection, 91
Anecdote of Garrick, 92
Anecdote of Dr. Johnson, 92
Translation.—Anecdote of Murphy and Johnson, 92
Gretna-Green, 92

POETRY.

Thoughts on Winter, 93
Retribution; or Bonaparté and the Russians, 93
Invocation to Emma, 95
The Prison, 95
Address to Russia, 96
Local Attachment, 97
The fallen Warriors, 97
The luckless Skater, 98
Blue Eyes, 98
FASHIONS for March, 98
Books recently published, 99
Chronicle, 100
Births, 58
Marriages, 58
Deaths, 58

LONDON:

*Printed for G. and S. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row,*

where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

## NOTICES.

Mr. Lacey's "*Invocation to the Two-penny-post Men on St. Valentine's Day*," and his continuation of "*The Tears of Ellen*," intended for insertion in our present Number, are, through an un-avoidable accident, postponed to our next.

The poem by *H....y*, of *Wolverhampton*—that from *S....a T....o..*, of *Prescot-Street*—and that from *Edgar*, of *Spalding*, are inadmissible.

---

### *Births.——Marriages.——Deaths.*

BORN.

*January* 23, of Mrs. Adams, St. James's Place, a son.

*Jan.* 30, of Lady Harriet Erskine, a daughter.

*February* 1, of Mrs. Ralph Bernal, a daughter.

Of Mrs. Harvey Combe, a daughter.

*Feb.* 4, of Mrs. Harford, New Cavendish-street, a daughter.

*Feb.* 6, of Mrs. Richard Neave, a daughter.

Of Mrs. Elton, Bellevue, Clifton, twin daughters.

*Feb.* 10, of Mrs. Agar, Elm Lodge, a son and a daughter.

*Feb.* 11, of Mrs. Wilde, Guilford-street, a son.

*Lately*, of Mrs. Wells, of Piercefield Park, Monmouthshire, a daughter.

*Feb.* 13, of Mrs. Ellis, James-street, Buckingham Gate, a son.

*Feb.* 16, of Mrs. Curtis, Portland-place, a daughter.

MARRIED.

*January* 19, John K. Powditch, esq. to Miss Charlotte Hirst.

*Jan.* 20, Arthur Forbes, esq. to Caroline, daughter of Whaley Armitage, esq.

*Jan.* 24. Henry Peters, esq. of Betchworth Castle, Surrey, to Miss C. M. Susannah Campbell.

Robert Gooch, M. D. to Miss Sarah Travers.

*Jan.* 29, the Rev. Thomas Stone, D. D. to Miss Withington.

*Jan.* 31, the R. H. Charles Arbuthnot, to Miss Harriet Fane.

*February* 1, the Hon. and Rev. Frederic Pleydon Bouverie, to Miss Eliza Sullivan.

*Feb.* 2, Captain Sir James Dunbar, to Miss Helen Coull.

*Feb.* 3, the Rev. J. Henry Norman, to Miss Norris.

*Feb.* 5, Charles Farebrother, esq. to Miss Eliza Broadhurst.

*Feb.* 8, Charles Kent, esq. of Fulham, to Miss Parmeter.

J. C. Herries, esq. to Miss Sarah Dorington.

*Feb.* 12, Lieut. Samuel Kentish, R. N. to Miss Barnes.

*Feb.* 15, the Rev. Henry Moore, to Miss Lucy Currie.

*Feb.* 16, the R. H. Thomas Wallace, M. P. to Viscountess Melville.

*Feb.* 17, Thomas Clutterbuck, esq. to Miss Henrietta Ricardo.

DECEASED.

*January* 19, Edward Williams, esq. Commissioner of Hackney-coaches, &c.

*Jan.* 20, Mrs. Catharine Long, Wraxhall, Wilts.

Mrs. Grant, Sackville-street.

*Jan.* 21, Lady Maria Hamilton.

*Jan.* 22, George Morland, esq. Chetfield-Court Lodge, Kent.

Col. Aubrey, Carmarthen-street.

*Jan.* 26, Mrs. Markham, relict of the late Archbishop of York.

Mrs. Ann Parker, Talton, near Shipston.

Dr. W. Scot, Austin Friars.

*Lately*, the eccentric J. Mulford, esq.

*Jan.* 30, the Rev. Croxton Johnson, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

*February* 2, the Rev. Thomas Hardcastle, Bath.

Anna Maria, daughter of the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

The Rev. C. Robert Herbert, Woodstock-street.

Lieut.-gen. H. Richmond Gale.

*Feb.* 3, the Rev. Sir P. Monoux, bart.

*Feb.* 4, Dowager Lady Carter.

[7] *Lately*, Mrs. Strutt, Terling-place, Essex.

*Feb.* 9, Mrs. Sharp, Fulham.

*Feb.* 11, Mrs. Fisher, Tidwell House, Devon.

*Lately*, Sir Richard Neave, bart.

*Feb.* 14, Mrs. Bettesworth, Walton-on-Thames.

Earl Annesley.

*Lately*, the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, brother to Her Britannic Majesty.

*Feb.* 16, James Neild, esq. Chelsea.

*Feb.* 21, the Rev. Wm. Langford, D. D.

THE

# LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For FEBRUARY, 1814.

## *The* Adopted Child.

(*Continued from page* 13.)

### *Mrs. Cavendish'es Narrative.*

"As you contemplate this paper, reflect, my dearest Marina, that the writer is released from the sorrows which it depicts. The grave, in pity to her sufferings, has opened its friendly doors to receive her; and within its oblivious mansion she has found a peaceful asylum for all her griefs.

"Scarce can my feeble hand sustain the trembling pen, which traces the lesson of conviction to my darling child.

"Oh! Marina! already I feel the icy arm of Death. Ah! kind reliever! withdraw, for one short hour, thy freezing grasp; and then compassionately seise thy destined prey!

"Marina! mark well my story; and let it teach thee the fatal consequences of disobedience.

"My mother was the youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Manby: she had one sister, and one brother. Her sister, at the early age of eighteen, sacrificed her blooming youth at the shrine of wealth: she became the wretched partner of age, vice, and deformity. My mother sincerely grieved at her sister's fate, and resolved to profit by the lesson it taught her.

"Her brother, when she had just reached her nineteenth year, returned from the university; and, with him, came his bosom friend and constant companion, Mr. Cavendish. Her youthful charms and agreeable vivacity soon procured her an interest in his heart. Young Manby saw it with pleasure; for to behold his favorite sister united to his beloved friend, was the extent of his wishes. The fortune of Mr. Cavendish was very inconsiderable; but my grandfather, over-ruled by the entreaties of his son, was soon brought to consent to the match. A few months made my mother the happiest of women; and the death of her self-devoted sister was succeeded by my appearance. It seemed as if it required only my presence to complete the happiness of this enviable pair.—My uncle made frequent excursions to witness their felicity; and had, in one of them, become attached to my father's only sister. He married her; but, the following week, his joy was interrupted by the sudden death of my grandfather.—My uncle, now Sir William Manby, had one son: my mother had no child but myself: and his fondness for me, added to his great attachment to my mother, made him early conceive the unhappy project of marrying me at a proper age to his son. My mother was equally charmed with this unfortunate scheme; and, by being continually dinned with the praises of my cousin, I became so prejudiced against him, that, whenever he came to spend his holidays with us, from the time he entered the house, till the hour of his departure, my cheerfulness was gone. My father saw with pain the antipathy I had conceived, and endeavoured to wean me from it, by representing to me how unjust I was to the merit of my cousin. I was his senior by one year; and, at the age of thirteen, my disgust was heighten-

ed, by perceiving the visible stupidity of his nature rather increase than diminish. He was, without exception, the most ductile, but most inanimate being my eyes ever beheld: he seemed to have no ideas whatever, except those which were, by frequent repetition, instilled by his doting father, whose dictates he implicitly obeyed, without either passion or inclination: and, as he was taught by him to consider me as his future wife, with the same facility he was ever ready to obey my commands, which generally were, not to tease me with his company: but he felt not the palpable aversion which I discovered; and, with the same unmeaning simper, with which he would have complied with a contrary request, he usually left me, and pursued, with all the avidity of which his nature was capable, his puerile amusements, one of which consisted in making paper and pasteboard boats, whose sailing-matches on our canal he would regulate for whole mornings together.

"With what joy did I hear that he was to go to Eton for four years; during which time we were never to meet.—My father (who had marked the progress of my aversion) suggested this mode, as the most likely to remove it. In four years, young Manby might become another character: in four years, my antipathy might wear away!—Alas! he knew not the texture of my mind. Its prejudices only acquired additional force from years; and my rooted abhorrence became more fixed than ever. I blush, my dear child, while I recite the tenderness which I experienced from both my parents, and the affectionate indulgence of my misguided uncle.—Ah! why did I fatally distinguish that their partiality depended solely on my acquiescence to their will? Unhappy discovery! fatal conception! It extinguished those feelings, which, but for this unfortunate idea, would have glowed with unabating fervency in my breast.

"A thousand times have I lamented my deviation from the path of duty—a thousand times condemned the idle aversion which I so foolishly cherished: for, except in this one circumstance, I had not a wish which was not gratified almost as soon as it was expressed.—But, to return to my narrative—When I had attained the age of sixteen, my father (who had never suffered me to associate with, or hardly be seen by, any men, except himself and my uncle, in such total retirement did we live secluded) was obliged to go to Oxford upon some particular business. The urgent entreaties of my poor mother prevailed upon him to permit us to accompany him.—Upon our arrival at Oxford, we were, of course, indulged with a view of its numberless antiquities; and, in our survey of Christ Church, we were escorted by several of the young gentlemen. One, in particular, I distinguished from the rest. I saw he was endeavouring, by some pertinent remarks, to recommend himself to my father. The badge of distinction which he wore, bespoke him of superior rank; and, by mere dint of his persevering civility, he so far conquered the natural caution of my father's temper, that he gave him an invitation to dine with us.—At dinner, the insinuating powers of his conversation effectually secured for him the good opinion of my father, who desired, that, whenever he came into Norfolk, he would not forget to call at Belgard Lodge, which was the name that our house had long acquired, from the beauty of its situation.

"A twelve-month elapsed, without our seeing any thing of this agreeable stranger, and uninterrupted by

any visitors, except my uncle, from whom I learned that my still detested cousin had been some time at Oxford; but that he would spend the ensuing vacation with us. The vacation, however, was far distant; and I heartily wished that some occurrence might intervene, to prevent his coming.—In the mean time, one evening, as we were at supper, we were most agreeably surprised by the unexpected entrance of our Oxonian acquaintance. He apologised for having so long neglected my father's invitation—said that various engagements had prevented his seeing us—but that, being called by some important business to visit his relation, Lord Parker, who lived in our neighbourhood, he had determined no longer to deny himself a pleasure which he had long wished to enjoy.

"My father expressed himself delighted to see him:—and, during the fortnight which he continued with us, the ingenuous manner in which he spoke of himself and family, greatly conduced to elevate him in the opinion of my father.—He declared himself the eldest son of Lord Darnley—spoke of his father in the most exalted terms—said he had a brother, whose disobedient conduct had given him great uneasiness:—but that which more particularly recommended him to the favor of my deluded parents, was his assertion of being privately contracted to Lady Mary Bulstrode; and that, as the earl's happiness depended upon the consummation of this marriage, he was determined to conquer any little repugnance which he might feel to the union, for the sake of securing his parent's felicity.

"I was present when Lord Arnon made this declaration; and my mother gave me a most significant look, as he uttered it.—Thus every fear being lulled into security—for several successive visits, his lordship was received and welcomed with pleasure.—To me his behaviour was always cautiously reserved, except at those times when he chanced to meet me alone; and then the expression of his countenance, and his repeated sighs, alone explained what he evidently struggled to conceal.—What my sensations were, I will not attempt to describe.—The vivacity of his manner and conversation, his respectful attention and insinuating address, united with the visible friendship and esteem which my father discovered for him, too soon secured him an advocate in my breast. Alas! he was a dangerous contrast to my cousin, whose memory became every day more and more odious:—and, when my mother informed me that I should see him in three weeks, my feelings were too violent to be suppressed: I burst into tears.—My father sternly bade me quit the room, and ordered me not to quit my chamber that day.—The next morning, I heard that Lord Arnon had taken a hasty leave, and was gone to London, to be present at his sister's marriage with Lord Delafonte.

"A violent fever retarded the dreaded visit of my cousin; and I once more experienced as much felicity, as I was at that time capable of tasting in the absence of Lord Arnon.

"The day on which I reached my eighteenth year, my father had determined to celebrate with unusual festivity.—He invited all the neighbouring families; and letters were also dispatched to my uncle, my cousin, and Lord Arnon, requesting their attendance.—The two former arrived on the preceding evening—my cousin, in my imagination, more disagreeable than ever. But it was not till the company were beginning to separate, that the object, whose absence had cast a *sombre* gloom over all my pleasures,

arrived.—He addressed my cousin with the freedom of an old acquaintance—gaily complimented my mother on her animated appearance—bowed respectfully to me—and, for the remainder of the evening, seemed in such uncommon spirits, that we all concluded he was a little elevated.

"In the morning, to my extreme joy, my uncle and cousin took their leave.—In the evening, his lordship complained of a violent head-ach, and retired early to his apartment.

"It was the month of July: the heat was excessive: the moon shone with mild resplendency; and I prevailed on Jeannette to stroll with me through the shrubbery.—Instead, therefore, of going to my chamber when I parted from my mother, we wandered into the garden.

"The night was impressively fine: a solemn silence reigned all around: every wind was hushed: not a Zephyr breathed: all nature was so serenely still, that you might have heard a leaf drop to the ground: yet, amid this universal silence, I fancied, as we walked slowly along the shrubbery, that I heard a rustling among the trees, at some distance before us.

*(To be continued.)*

---

*Modern* Life *delineated.*
*(Continued from p. 595 of our last Vol.)*

Mrs. Pope expressed her deep regret that it was not in her power to accompany Gertrude home: but she promised to be with her in less than a month. "My daughters' visitors," said she, "are to quit us the week after next: and then my girls and I will haste to pay you a visit—not a short one, I assure you; for we intend to stay with you at least two or three months. During that time, my dear girl, I hope our society will dispel that gloom which still hangs over your mind. Your sorrow, I know, is acute; and it is natural that it should be so, since it has its source in events of the most painful nature: I regret that your sudden departure deprives me, for the present, of the opportunity of endeavouring to sooth your griefs: but, since I cannot prevail on you to prolong your stay here, and I am myself confined by the presence of my daughters' visitors, I must, for a time, leave you to the guidance of your own reason, aided by that friendly comforter, that unerring counsellor, true religion. Only think, my dear, what your duty requires of you; and I am convinced that you will soon be yourself again. Farewell, my dear young friend! and remember, that, so long as I live, you will never be without a parent."

Within a week after Gertrude's return to Llanarth, she received a letter from Edward, lamenting his inability to take possession of the estate which he had purchased in the Vale, in less than five months. The unexpected bankruptcy of a correspondent in America having rendered it necessary that one of the partners should immediately repair to that distant land, Edward conceived that it would be ungenerous to quit the concern at a time when his presence was most required.—Gertrude dropped a silent tear upon the letter, while she read it: a thousand painful remembrances at that moment recurred to her mind: but the presence of her little infant charge, and its sweet innocent smile, soon composed her agitated spirits.

Before the expiration of a month from the time of her return to her native vale, her friend Mrs. Pope, agreeably to her promise at parting, paid her a welcome visit, accompanied by her daughters.—A few days after their arrival, as Gertrude and Miss Pope were conversing on the subject of sincerity and dissimulation in the intercourse between the two sexes, "If I were anxious," said Miss Pope, "to excite an interest

in the heart of any gentleman, I would appear exactly the same to him as I do to you. If my natural character could not charm him, I am persuaded a fictitious one would be unavailing. You, my friend, can confirm the truth of this remark."

"But," said Gertrude, "I hope you have already charmed one of the other sex, and that, in this very village, you will live many years the delight of a good husband, and a consolation to your friend, who is now almost bereft of every comfort."

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you," replied Miss Pope—"The young vicar you mean.—I have only been four times in his company: and it is therefore impossible that he can have formed a decided opinion of my character."

"He has formed a most favorable opinion of you. I will not repeat the conversation I had with him, the other evening, as we returned from Colonel Williams's.—As he is unacquainted with your fortune, his affection for you is pure and disinterested; and I sincerely hope that it may prove a mutual regard: for, on the one hand, I am convinced that he is both qualified and disposed to render you happy; and, on the other, I should be happy, beyond expression, to have in you a neighbour, in whose agreeable society I could occasionally beguile my sorrows."

"In the latter respect," replied Miss Pope, "your wishes exactly co-incide with mine. I should be delighted to live your neighbour and friend; and, though I do not yet feel for the worthy vicar that decided *penchant* which would induce me to view him as the man who might eventually be the partner of my future life, I should certainly not exclude him from my system of happiness."

"His exclusion," said Gertrude, "would to you be a serious loss: for a worthier being does not, I believe, this day exist. To me he appears a man of truly apostolic cast: the fervor of his devotion is unmixed with pedantry or bigotry: and, then, how peculiarly pleasing is his attention to the poorest of his parishioners! I observed him, on Sunday last, as we came out of the church, anxiously take hold of a poor blind woman's arm, to prevent her stumbling over a grave-stone: and with the utmost kindness he stopped conversing with her, until her little guide came up to her. How many, who had not the proper spirit of Christianity, would have felt aukward at stopping with a poor blind woman, when the rich and the great were passing by them! There is, indeed, a false shame, which prevents thousands from doing kind actions: but a teacher of the Gospel never should allow either shame or pride to influence his mind. Mr. Parry neither flatters those above him, nor depresses the spirits of the humblest of his parishioners. He is, in my opinion, what a Christian minister ought to be—in church, fervent in his devotions—in mixed society, amiable in his manners, and cheerful in his conversation—benevolent to the indigent—lenient to the failings of all mankind—and, where he cannot praise, still unwilling to condemn."

"From the warmth of your encomiums," observed Miss Pope, "I should almost be tempted to suspect that you entertained a something more than friendly sentiment for the vicar, and had probably some designs upon him yourself, if you had not heretofore so positively assured me of your unalterable resolution to live and die in the state of celibacy. But, on the subject of that rash determination, allow me to say that I by no

means approve it: and I sincerely hope that you do not seriously intend to remain single all your life. It is unnatural to think of it. We are designed by Providence to become the helpmates of man. It is our province to soften their cares, and make them rational virtuous beings. To us belongs the care of helpless infancy, and the delightful task of promoting concord and amity in families. You, who are so well calculated to shine at the head of a family, ought not to think of continuing in a state in which even the most amiable and virtuous are either ridiculed, or at least neglected. It is a folly to confine our views of life to the present period. Extend your thoughts to future years; and you will see, attached to a single state, a train of gloomy images—the loss of friends—the loss of health—and a solitary home, destitute of those objects which alone would be capable of soothing your sorrows.—Reverse the scene, and how delightful the contrast!—Surrounded by amiable children, and grand-children, if sickness attack you, their affectionate attentions deprive pain of half its power over your frame: if you continue to be blessed with good health, you fancy the spring of life renewed: you participate in the joys of those so dear to you; and their happiness enhances yours."—"I allow the justice of the observation," replied Gertrude: "but I cannot profit from it. If you could analyse my sensations, you would find, that the idea of entering into a matrimonial engagement is highly repugnant to my feelings. It is a state, in which, at one period of my life, I should have been happy: and I was vain enough to fancy that my natural disposition, and my wish to please, would have rendered happy the man whom I so highly esteemed. But I sacrificed my own prospect of matrimonial felicity, to promote, as I fondly conceived, the happiness of my unfortunate sister."

"To make such a sacrifice," rejoined Miss Pope, "your passion could not have been very violent: and, though disappointed in that instance, you may yet be happy in the married state. There are many amiable men, who would think themselves supremely blest in possessing such a partner as you, and whose tender affection would teach you to bless the married state."

"In that state, I am persuaded I never can be happy. I know you think this a romantic overstrained refinement. To the man with whom I should have enjoyed perfect domestic happiness, I never can be united: but, in my estimation, he is so far superior to every other human being, that I prefer being his friend, to being the wife even of a monarch."

"And is not this romance? I assure you, I think it extravagantly romantic and absurd."

"You would think otherwise, if you could read my heart. The affection I entertain for him, corresponds with that which I felt for my ever to be regretted father. In his presence I felt unembarrassed, as in yours: and, when I saw him give his hand at the altar to a beloved friend, I mentally prayed that every blessing might attend them both through life. But my heart was as unruffled with disquiet, as it will be, when I witness (as I hope I one day shall) your happy union with our amiable vicar."

"No more about the vicar for the present: but, with respect to yourself, I think, my dear friend, I may safely venture to assert, that, however calm and resigned you might be at the moment of the marriage-ceremony, you afterward repented of the sacrifice you had made, and were rendered miserable by the recollec-

tion of having an insuperable barrier placed between you and the man of your heart."

"Not at all, I assure you. On the contrary, I never was more delighted, than when I witnessed his affectionate attention to his wife—to my beloved, my poor unfortunate Emma."

"You are a rare phænomenon of a woman! Such an event would have been the death of me—or (worse even than death) would have bereft me of my reason, and consigned me, for life, to a mad-house."

"Alas! my dear Miss Pope! you seem to forget what this world is! It is but a place of trial, where our only lesson is to learn to suffer; and she, who knows not that, was born to no purpose.—Unfortunately, my best intentions toward others have had a contrary effect: they have turned, like poisoned arrows, to wound my own heart. But, from my childhood, I have endeavoured to practise perfect submission to the wise decrees of the great Ruler of this world. Trust me, then, it is the result of serious reflexion that has decided my determination in favor of a single state.—I now have no fond parent to gratify with the pleasure of giving me away at the altar: and I therefore think myself perfectly justifiable in continuing in that state which best accords with my own feelings."

Here their conversation was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Mrs. Pope, who hastily entered the room in great agitation, and with an open letter in her hand. Before they had time to recover from the first shock caused by the sight of her altered countenance, or to inquire the cause of her emotion, she informed them that she had just received that letter from Dublin, conveying to her the alarming intelligence, that her sister, who was married there to Sir Phelim O'Neal, was dangerously ill, and requested to see her as soon as possible. She had therefore determined, she said, to set out within one hour, lest she should reach Dublin too late to find her dear sister alive.

Pursuant to this resolution, she hastily packed up a few clothes in a small trunk, and, having taken an affectionate leave of her daughters and Gertrude, set out for Holyhead, whence a favorable breeze wafted her over to the Hibernian shore in less than twelve hours. On her arrival, she had the unspeakable happiness of finding her beloved sister not only alive and out of danger, but already in a promising state of convalescence. As her recovery, however, seemed likely to prove slow, and as Mrs. Pope had not before seen her during the last eighteen months, she now determined to remain with her a few weeks, and immediately wrote back to Llanarth, to apprise her daughters and Gertrude of her determination.

About a fortnight after her departure from the Vale, during which time several letters had been written and received on both sides, Gertrude received one from her, just at the moment when she was shedding the tears of sisterly affection and sorrow over the fatal misconduct of her unhappy, but still beloved sister. On opening it, how great was her astonishment and grief, when she read in it the afflictive intelligence, that her sister Emma and Frederic were openly living together in the barracks at Dublin. Her father's last words immediately recurred to her mind: and, agreeably to his dying injunction, she determined to spare neither time nor attention in her endeavours to reclaim her. "I will not," said Gertrude, "spare even my life, to recall my misguided Emma to the path of virtue."

When the Miss Popes came into

the room to breakfast, Gertrude said to the eldest, "My friend, I am going to impose a serious task upon you: and I know your disposition too well, to think any apology requisite for the trouble I am about to give you.—Urgent necessity obliges me to quit home for a fortnight or three weeks. Will you, then, have the goodness to take upon yourself the charge of the house, and of my little Gertrude, during my absence? If I be successful in the cause I am undertaking, you shall be made acquainted with it: if I be not so fortunate," added Gertrude with a deep sigh, "I hope you will pardon me, if I never resume the subject again.—If any of our friends have a curiosity to learn the motive of my hasty departure from home, you may say I am gone on very particular business to visit a relation."

"Fancy, my dear Gertrude, every thing done as you wish it," said Miss Pope: "and believe me, my friend, when I assure you that I most fervently wish that business, whatever it is, may terminate to your entire satisfaction."

"God grant it may!" replied Gertrude; "for my heart, and my peace of mind, are deeply interested in the event."

Gertrude was not tardy in making the preparations for her journey. She set out the next morning; and, in the evening of the second day from her departure, had the satisfaction of embracing in Dublin her good friend Mrs. Pope, from whom she minutely learned all the particulars which had come to her knowledge respecting Emma and Frederic, and consulted with her on the proper line of conduct to be pursued in this delicate and critical business.

Pursuant to the plan settled between her and Mrs. Pope, she repaired, next morning, to the barrack, where happening to meet a young officer, who was coming out at the gate, she requested of him to direct her where to find Captain Manville.—"I do not know, madam," replied he, "any *captain* of that name in the garrison: but there is a Major Manville, who, with his lady, resides in the New Square above yonder," pointing towards it.

"Perhaps, sir," said Gertrude, "you can tell me his Christian name?" "Frederic, I think, madam."—"I dare say," replied Gertrude, "it is the same person;" and, thanking him for the information, was proceeding toward the New Square, when the young officer requested permission to show her the way, and conduct her to the major's quarters.

Having accepted his obliging offer, she proceeded with palpitating heart, till she came to the entrance of the stair-case leading up to Major Manville's quarters; when her young conductor politely took his leave of her.—At this moment a universal tremor shook her frame; a faintness nearly overpowered her: she paused for a while; but, at length recovering strength and resolution, she ascended the stairs, and, knocking at the major's door, was ushered by a servant into the presence of her sister Emma.

(*To be continued.*)

---

*The* OLD GENTLEWOMAN.

(*Continued from p. 472 of our last Vol.*)

*Modern* CHRISTMAS.

---

*To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.*

SIR,

Accustomed, as I am, to contrast the present times with the past, you will not be surprised that some visits which I have lately paid, have forcibly brought the difference before me.

Christmas, to be sure, is still kept

in December—a season, when the remission of labor is less felt than at any other: and, when all is cold and comfortless without, a little relaxation within becomes doubly valuable. The old English hospitality, however, which formerly brightened the fires, or covered the tables, of the poor, is less universally practised now than it anciently was; for, where beef, or blankets, or bread, are now given, it is done by agents or stewards; and the elegancies of the affluent are no longer invaded by the rude joys of their inferiors.

Do not, I beseech you, Mr. Editor, mistake me so far, as to suppose that I intend any insinuation against the *charity* of the present time:—on the contrary, I believe, charity was never so much practised at any former period; and I merely mean to notice the difference of the manner in which it is dispensed.

Upon last new year's day, we were invited to **** Castle, the ancient seat of one of the first families in the county. We were given to understand, that there would be a gala, where the poor, as well as the rich, were to be regaled. I rejoiced in the idea of such a revival of good old times; and the weather, which, for many years, had been mild at this period, seemed now returned so much to its old-fashioned severity, I really flattered myself that all things were coming round again, and that I should, in my advanced age, see such a Christmas as I had enjoyed in youth.

I was somewhat disappointed, that neither oxen nor sheep were roasted whole, and that I saw nothing of the joy which was to be diffused among the tenantry; for, in fact, till blazoned forth in the provincial paper of that week, we knew no particulars, nor had the pleasure of witnessing that happiness, which we were told was felt from the bounty of the owner of the demesne.

Upon first entering the castle, I missed the immense fire of wood, whose cheerful blaze used to be as delightful to the view, as its effect was to the feeling. I recollected, however, that modern economy knew better how to appropriate the produce of the park; yet I could not help regretting, that a chimney, whose dimensions I should scarcely be credited in detailing, was stuccoed up; and I fancied the diffusion of warmth from two elegant modern stoves was but a poor substitute for the heat I had formerly felt.

Our reception and entertainment were elegant, but in no wise different from what they would have been at any other season. The old-fashioned viands of Christmas were announced, as being upon the side-board; but the old-fashioned jollity did not prevail round the table. Our circle, to be sure, was limited: but our accommodation was almost unbounded, and, when I entered the suite of apartments appropriated to myself, I could not but reflect upon the numbers they would formerly have contained. In short, we had comfort, instead of crowd. Every want was anticipated, instead of contrivance being exerted to supply, or jocularity to carry off, deficiencies, as was once the case in these annual meetings, where if there was less refinement or selection, there was more hilarity.

When I looked around, the same change was visible in persons, as in customs. The stately gentlemen in full-bottomed wigs and laced clothes seemed feebly represented by their crop-headed descendents; while the scantily clad little ladies without caps seemed equally unlike their stronger, better clothed grand-mothers, who, if not equally skilled in chemistry, were certainly more so in cookery.

In short, it seems to me, that all things are dwindling; and that a false refinement in every rank is superseding that usefulness and activity, which was always regarded with the highest admiration by, sir, your obedient humble servant,

*An* OLD GENTLEWOMAN.

*January* 13, 1814.

---

## *The* RICH WIFE.

*To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.*

SIR,

While turning over the pages of your last year's miscellany, I was surprised to observe a complaint of "*an industrious Wife**;" for, till the evils of such a character were displayed by your correspondent, I should have supposed it a very desirable one.

The inconveniences of "*a romantic Wife*†" I could readily have imagined, without any illustration: but, when I state my own grievances, as proceeding from a *rich* one, I scarcely can venture to expect sympathy for possessing what all are anxious to obtain.

Having spent that period of life in traveling, when fancy, rather than judgement, influences the choice of a companion for life, I returned to my native shades at the age of three and thirty, with the intention of settling as a family man. In becoming so, riches appeared to me the only permanent good.—Beauty was evanescent; and, among the female contemporaries who had entered at the same period with myself upon the great theatre of the world, I perceived such changes, as made me bless my stars that I had been enabled to steer clear of the attractions which I once thought them to possess.

In the short period of seventeen years, the fair were turned brown, the plump were grown lean, and the thin were grown corpulent: the witty were now wearisome; the good-humoured had degenerated into insipidity; and the sensible were become censorious and satirical.

The result of these observations was, that I paid all my attention to the opulent: yet, though I made fortune an indispensable requisite in my future spouse, you must not suppose, Mr. Editor, that I was sufficiently mercenary, to think of uniting myself to age, deformity, or folly. On the contrary, I married youth, beauty, and abilities, and sincerely gave a cordial preference to the lady I selected.

Too soon, however, I became sensible that every blessing has its bane, and that, in the instance of my wife, affluence created expectations, which could only be satisfied by unlimited dominion on the one hand, and entire subserviency on the other. Accustomed to unbounded indulgence, and to exercise her passions rather than her judgement, my wife has no idea of being controled in any thing.

Domestic attentions, she allows, are necessary for Mrs. A, or Mrs. B, or Mrs. C, who brought their husbands little or no fortune: but "where is the advantage of wealth," she inquires, "if, like them, I am to look after my servants, regulate my expenses, and educate my children?"

In short, to prove that she is not poor, she takes every method that can eventually render her so; and, if I venture to expostulate, I am always silenced by such an oration upon the privileges of fortune, that I am glad to purchase peace by acquiescence, even though her caprices militate equally against my judgement, convenience, or sense of propriety.

If one person does a foolish thing

---

* See our Magazine for September, page 428.

† Lady's Mag. for November, p. 505.

in the expenditure of money, it is a signal for our doing another, still more absurd. In numberless trivial things, we supply a constant fund of amusement for the neighbourhood; and a late instance has been so ludicrous, that I cannot forbear communicating it.

We had bred two piebald colts; and my wife determined on having them broke for the carriage, provided that another pair could be procured. I did not like the strange appearance this would give to our equipage: but it was not a point worth contesting, especially when prefaced in the usual manner—"Every body has plain blacks, browns, or bays; and surely a little variety is not an unreasonable indulgence for *me* to expect."

A third piebald was accordingly purchased for more than double his value: but, when a traveling dealer asked three times as much for an ugly creature that only resembled the others in his motley coat, I then ventured to remonstrate against the folly of giving an enormous price for an animal evidently made up for sale, and quite unsuitable to the purpose for which he was wanted. I was, however, severely reproached for my narrow-mindedness, and for resorting to suspicion to save my money. The debate therefore ended as usual: but the event proved my judgement. A week of wet weather succeeding the piebald's going to grass, destroyed all his varieties, and, having washed out his artificial coloring, left nothing but a plain mis-shapen white horse.

This circumstance, however, was a trivial mortification, compared to many others which I could enumerate: but I selected it, as one of the least offensive, and most ludicrous. —I am, sir, your humble servant and constant reader, HENRY.

## *Old* MAIDS.

*To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.*

SIR,

In a publication devoted to the fair sex, I hope you will not refuse a page, towards attempting to refute the unjust opinion with which a part of that sex is regarded.—I allude to that description called old maids, for whom, amid a host of assailants, only one champion has stood forth*.

Accustomed, from my youth upwards, blindly to regard this defenceless part of our species with contempt, I thought not of examining into the source of that absurd prejudice, until I perceived the period nearly approaching, when I should myself be enrolled among the sisterhood.

My connexions and education were so superior to my fortune, I will candidly acknowledge, Mr. Editor, that I never had an opportunity of marrying suitably to them; and I sometimes pondered between the evils of an unequal alliance, and the almost equally dreaded state of being classed with that portion of the sex, who are ridiculed by a rising generation, unconnected with them by any common interest or conformity of sentiment, and who sink from existence unregretted, and unsoothed by the affectionate attention of descendents.

Some visits, however, which I lately paid in one of the remote parts of the kingdom, have displayed some of those sexagenary spinsters in such a light, that I can consider their present condition only as an ornament to their own sex, and a loss to the other.

No deficiency of manner, no waywardness of disposition, prevented Amelia from changing her state. On the contrary, she had several offers, which, in the eye of the world, were

* Mr. Hayley.

unobjectionable: but she was satisfied with a single life; and, although she found many agreeable acquaintances, she saw no individual for whom she could feel the same warmth of regard as she bestowed on her own family.—Among that beloved family she has consequently continued; and the bad health of an only sister has rendered her so invaluable, that her brother-in-law regards her as the greatest blessing they possess.

Attention to the invalid, the education of her offspring, and the superintendance of the domestic economy, have all fallen so entirely upon Amelia, that, had she been occupied in a similar way on her own account, hardly any portion of her time could have been devoted to a family who now rely solely on her care and exertion. Her time is consequently too much occupied by nearer concerns, to allow an interference with those of her neighbours. The arrangements of the table, the regularity of the domestics, are the admiration of every visitor; and no parent was ever more devoutly idolised by her children, than Amelia is by a numerous group of nephews and nieces.

In opposition to this estimable character, I must now turn to that of Dorothea—the most busy, bustling little woman in the district—who may literally be said to "love her neighbour as herself."—Her concerns are confined within so small a compass, that she enters largely into those of others: but, then, it is done with good sense, and tempered with good nature. No public improvement is made, no charity put forward, but Dorothea is one of its most active agents.—Many are the breaches that have been healed by her mediation: many are the marriages that have been accomplished through her influence; and innumerable are the parties of pleasure that have been effected by her contrivance. To the rich, she is an agreeable companion—to the poor, a humane benefactress: to the aged, she is a consoling and indefatigable friend; to the young, an exhilarating associate, and a useful monitress.

At the age of five and twenty, this lady was upon the point of contracting a matrimonial alliance, which afforded every promise of worldly advantage: but some circumstances coming unexpectedly to her knowledge, which proved her intended husband to be deficient both in moral and religious principle, she had sufficient resolution to break off the connexion. Had it taken place, her good qualities might possibly have been stifled by association with an inferior character: and, at any rate, her sphere of action, and her example, would have been more limited.

Eudoxia is another instance, which in itself might almost redeem the character of an old maid from the obloquy thrown upon it. Disappointed in her hopes of matrimonial felicity by the premature death of a gentleman to whom she was tenderly attached, she determined that no second love should weaken her remembrance of the first. Many and splendid were the offers which she rejected; and she has now reached her sixty-second year, appropriating a large proportion of an ample income to purposes of benevolence, and devoting her time and thoughts to the relief of the indigent and the afflicted. To her no tale of sorrow has ever been told in vain; and the sun rarely sets without having witnessed her performance of some act of beneficence.

Though void of the animation of Dorothea, or the domestic utility of Amelia, she has a pensive benevolence of countenance and manner, which is still more interesting. She now avows an entire resignation to

her lot, saying, that, if her first hopes of happiness had been realised, it might not have been in her power to bestow so much of her time and her fortune upon the poor and the afflicted.

Many, likewise, are the young women, who, with-held by her advice from the desperate resource of marrying for a maintenance, are enabled by her assistance to live contentedly for the present, and with the future prospect of such a competence as will place them above want, and, without preventing their making a match of affection, will exempt them from the temptation to make one of mere convenience.

Had not these instances proved the injustice of the censures so indiscriminately lavished upon old maids, I have further to remark, that I have seen married women and widows equally gossiping, querulous, and censorious, as any of their contemporaries who had not entered the hymeneal state; and that a prying curiosity is frequently as conspicuous under the age of twenty, as it can possibly be above that of fifty.

I am therefore convinced, that, although the hackneyed sarcasms may, in particular cases, apply to individuals, they are not justly applicable to the state in general; and I sooth my own approach to it by reflecting, that, although beauty fades, utility may remain, and that some candor, cheerfulness, and good humour, may, in declining age, still be the inseparable companions of, sir, your obedient and resigned humble servant, VALERIA.

---

## *The* BROTHERS; *a Moral Tale.*

*(Concluded, from page 24.)*

### CHAP. 34.

.........And soon this fragile frame,
That weeps your transit, shall your path pursue,
Each toil forego, renounce each fav'rite aim,
Glide from the fading world, and sink with you.

Father of spirits! ere that awful hour,
While life yet lingers, let it feel thy ray;
Teach it some beams of scatter'd good to pour,
Some useful light, as it flits on, display.

I ask no following radiance to appear,
To mark its track, for praise or fame to see:
But, oh! may Hope its last faint glimm'rings cheer,
And Faith waft on the spark unquench'd to thee!

*Carlyle.*

THAT important transaction so favorably adjusted, the comparatively happy Frederic, with a heart lightened of half its cares, returned to his Julia, who had yielded to his projects rather from an habitual acquiescence with his wishes, than from any hope of advantage accruing from them. To her, her husband, her child, and the remaining family of her father, in whose education and welfare she took an interest which their mother had never felt, were all the world; and the quiet seclusion of Manningdale, the boundary of her wishes. With unfeigned joy, she once more witnessed the returning animation which again lighted up the countenance of her husband, as he pressed her and her babe to his heart.

"Will you, ever-adored partner of my heart!" said he, as soon as his joyful emotions found utterance in words—"Will you, rejecting every aspiring project, which I so lately portrayed, be content with the calm felicity of Manningdale, and from your husband, possessing only his tenderest affection, seek no higher distinction?"

Julia, whose utmost wishes were comprised in this, heard with inexpressible delight that he had now given up every other idea, than that

with which he had soothed the last moments of her lamented father, and would literally fulfill his intention of remaining in the mansion of her ancestors, and devote himself to the welfare of a family who thenceforth, he said, instead of being a source of anxiety, would be one of joy.

He then by degrees unfolded the late important discovery he had made, and expatiated on the unceasing care of that all-wise Providence, who alone is adequate to apportion the good and evil of our sublunary lot. Assured of his Julia's tenderest acquiescence, he revealed his wishes that the pretensions of his generous brother might continue undisturbed: " and thus, my beloved wife," continued he, " in grateful consciousness of our ability so to do, we will silently repay the obligations he has showered upon me. His proffered friendship to ourselves, his future kindness to our children, we will no longer refuse: and while, with peace and honor, he enjoys the distinctions of affluence and rank, I shall think, that, in my Julia, a still sweeter share of worldly blessings is accorded to me. Sometimes perhaps I may breathe a sigh that her virtues are not rewarded with all that she might, through me, have enjoyed: but, when I recollect whose bounty it was that first enabled me to demand her, my forbearance will appear but a trifling sacrifice."

From this moment the conduct of Frederic was regulated accordingly. —A sweet contentment, the offspring of conscious rectitude, stole over his heart. He clasped an infant Julia to his bosom: and toward this softened image of her adored mother, the whole tenderness of his soul seemed awakened.

Yet, amid all the blessings of conjugal and paternal love, he was still sensible that unalloyed felicity is never to be the lot of humanity. Though the keenness of his sensations upon the injuries he had innocently committed against his brother was mitigated, it was not without the most acute distress that he met him again. Time, however, gradually alleviated the effects of the first shock which their meeting had occasioned; and each found an increase of happiness in endeavouring to promote that of the other. Frederic no longer declined his lordship's liberality, when manifested toward his wife and children: but, if offered to himself, he observed, " *They* are my riches: and through your beneficence, my dear brother, even at the time when I loaded you with contumelious reproaches, was I enabled to procure them." He therefore steadily declined any participation in their paternal inheritance, and felt a secret triumph in the line of conduct he was now pursuing, which nothing else could have afforded him.

Lord Saint-Villiers always declared, that, since the loss of his first love, he had seen no woman, except Miss Monson, with whom he could have had a chance for happiness; and, in perceiving how entirely she constituted that of his brother, he nobly conquered every selfish regret, and regarded her with an affection truly fraternal. His attention, therefore, undivided by domestic duties, was solely devoted to the discharge of those imposed by the elevated station which he filled, with honor to himself and satisfaction to all around him.

Yet, amid all the comforts which a well-spent life diffuses, the blessing of health was wanting. Whether Lord Saint-Villiers's frame was not originally calculated for long duration, or whether it had been enfeebled by his early afflictions, it now

evidently sunk beneath some slowly lingering complaint, which, for three years, had been undermining his constitution, though without pain or acute disease.

As he became more and more sensible of his approaching dissolution, his consolation seemed all derived from practising those lessons of resigned piety, with which he had seen his revered tutor sustain the afflictions and soften the close of his inestimable life. From the disappointments he had endured in this world, he felt a conviction, that his happiness was to be bestowed in that other world, where sickness and sorrow are unknown.

"Had my wishes been gratified," said he, "with what pain should I now have lamented the separation from a beloved wife and children, so soon deprived of their protector and friend! No! believe me, my dear Frederic, as if I were already before that infallible Judge from whom no secrets are concealed, I can now thankfully rejoice that those softer ties, which bind you to the world, have not chained my affections to it. —The ways of Providence are inscrutable: and I now, with the fullest conviction, acknowledge that they are always for the best."

While thus inculcating the precepts of religion and contentment upon the only relatives he had to bewail his loss, the life of Lord Saint-Villiers gradually approached to its termination. The sweetest slumber was at length his passport to eternal felicity; and, in that awful separation, a recollection of the perfect harmony, which had subsisted between them for the two preceding years, was his brother's chief consolation.

"Had my pride still held out—or had I, by prosecuting my rights, given him one moment of avoidable distress," said he, "what now, my Julia, would have been my sensations? 'Tis from your example that I first learned the lesson of forbearance—'tis you who have the merit of having first shown me what was right; and, at this moment, beloved sharer in all my joys and griefs! ere the remains of our exemplary brother be removed from my sight, let me renew every vow, by which I pledged myself to your expiring father. As I fulfill them, I pray, may my life be that of the righteous, and my latter end be like his!"

Deeply impressed as Frederic was by the melancholy privation he had sustained, he found, that, in his wife and children, the sweetest sources of consolation were still reserved to him: and to them his soul was still tremblingly alive. His ever estimable brother, certain, that, at his death, he might freely exercise the justice he had been with-held from doing in his life-time, bequeathed all the family property he possessed to Frederic Saint-Villiers, of whom, in his new character, it now only remains to say, that every virtuous resolution he had made, was, through his subsequent life, strictly adhered to; while, by an undeviating course of moderation and integrity, he sought only to emulate the example which had been set by his lamented predecessor; to reward the virtues of his Julia, and, by redeeming his character from the prejudices that obscured its early dawn, to justify the affection by which she had distinguished him.

As Hutchinson survived the late amiable Lord Saint-Villiers, his successor found not the smallest difficulty in substantiating his own claims to the honors of his ancestors: and, by being enabled, without wounding a single heart, to retrieve and transmit them to his son, he was amply repaid for the forbearance he had evinced.

Julia—as Lady Saint-Villiers, and the wife of one of the worthiest of men—had arrived at the station to which Sir William Monson had long looked forward, though not by the path which he would have pointed out: and she never reflected on the means by which it was attained, without the strongest perception of the fallibility of all human projects.

Thus schooled by adversity—thus purified by an ardent passion for one of the most amiable of her sex—and preserved, by her example and conversation, from all degrading propensities—Lord Saint-Villiers, now restored to his proper station in society, became all that her fondest hopes could wish, or all that the anxiety of her father could have chosen; while his whole life forcibly inculcated upon him the axiom, which, in the early part of their attachment, he heard her lay down, that "*happiness in this world is rather to be attained by the performance of our duties, than by the accomplishment of our desires.*"

THE END.

---

*The* HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(*Continued from page* 19.)

*Miss Lenox, to Lady Byron.*

I SNATCH a moment, my dear Lady Byron, from the never-ending round of hurry and dissipation in which we are incessantly engaged, just to tell you, that my soul, could it disengage itself from this heavy body of mine, would "take the wings of the morning," and fly to you. But why do I say that it *would?* It has been, it now is, with you, and attends on you in all your motions. It hovered about you, when you paid your first visit to Mortimer's tomb. Were not you sensible of its emotions, when the big tear (my mind tells me) stole from your eye—a tear due to the memory of the most amiable of men, and which one equally amiable, your admirable Byron, softly, tenderly wiped away? Power supreme! who watchest over the creatures of thy bounty, why could not I be witness of such a scene as this? How gladly would I quit the brilliant scenes of folly and extravagance that surround me, to behold you comfort and sooth your poor lame Martha, to see the grateful creature hang about you in speechless joy!

Lord and Lady Granville are so very fond of seeing me in public, that I associate much more with the gay world, than my inclination would otherwise lead me to do: and such a visible satisfaction sparkles in their eyes, when I am decorated in my gaudy trappings, that I must be an ungrateful being, if I did not feel a pleasure in giving them so trifling a gratification; though, with respect to myself, you know, I am naturally not much attached to these matters.

Lady Hastings, my dear Lady Hastings, enters with spirit into every amusement; she gives and receives pleasure, wherever she goes.—Charlotte Pembrook, who always accompanies her ladyship, smiles on every one: Lord Mandeville tells her, that there is enchantment in her smiles, for she steals the heart of every man she comes near. This beautiful girl is much followed: she and Lady Hastings seem at present to divide the admiration of the fashionable multitude.

I am very uneasy about Emma Pembrook: her health is visibly declining: still she is serenely cheerful, and will not own to me that she has any complaint. Lord William Mandeville, the gay, the elegant, the all-accomplished Lord William Mandeville, has made an impression on the bosom of my gentle friend. That insinuating nobleman is for ever at

our house; and you well know that nobody has it more in his power to please than he has. My partial parents place the frequency of his visits to my account: and, as such a union would be particularly agreeable to them, they are very attentive to make every thing agreeable to his lordship.

Lord William has been a very gay man; but I do not by any means think him a depraved libertine. He possesses a highly cultivated understanding, with a principled and liberal mind. To a very fine person he has added the advantages of every elegant accomplishment. Few women could see such a man as this with indifference; and, had I never known another, my wishes, in all probability, would have been in unison with those of my parents. But, as I have been known to feel something more than esteem for another gentleman, Lord Mandeville would be the last man in the world I would marry. Of the most penetrating discernment, and nicely delicate in his sentiments, he would soon discover that my heart had once beaten in favor of another. This discovery, if made after marriage, would most probably render us both miserable.—That refinement and enthusiasm, which has once, Lady Byron, animated thy bosom and mine, is oftener, I fear, a bane to happiness, than an addition to it. I can find no words so expressive of my opinion of love, as those of the inimitable Shakspeare—

"Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood,
Or else misgrafted in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heav'n and earth,
And, ere a man hath pow'r to say, 'Behold!'
The jaws of Darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion."

As it is so unlikely that love in all particulars should agree, and as my parents have set their hearts on seeing me married, I will give my hand to the first plain honest man that offers, whom I can esteem and respect; one who will neither feel nor require from me those touching and undescribable sensations which soften and overwhelm the soul. But, without these delicate, these very delicate sensations, Lord William, I am well convinced, would not marry the first woman in the world. Am not I then, my dear lady, a more reasonable being, than his lordship, to be content to seek happiness in the common beaten track, and to give up my visionary plan, which never could be realised?—But, to my infinite satisfaction, Lord Mandeville has not a thought of me. Miss Pembrook—plain, mild, unadorned, as she is—has found the way to a heart for which some of the loveliest of women have sighed in vain; so that Lord Granville's plan is entirely marred; for he had not only given me to his lordship, but had designed the hand of his favorite Emma, as an invaluable present, for his son. I was sorry to see both my lord and lady encourage so chimerical an idea; and have often told them that I was afraid Miss Pembrook would think my brother too young and too volatile for her.

"These are objections, Matilda," replied my lord, "which few women would make.—Emma," continued the fond father, "will certainly like George; for he is very handsome."

"True, sir," I replied: "but personal advantages will make little impression on the mind of Miss Pembrook. Beauty is more attractive in the eyes of the men; and my brother

may possibly prefer a more striking exterior to the more invaluable accomplishments that our Emma possesses."—But my father could not be brought to think with me, and at present does not see the growing attachment of two persons whom he had so differently disposed of.

But, "why," you may ask, "if Lord Mandeville loves Miss Pembrook, should she be unhappy?"—The truth is, that Emma is too delicate, too refined in her notions, to be indifferently happy: and she is so very diffident of her own merit, that she cannot think that his lordship really loves her. She has seen him received with such flattering distinction by some very handsome women, that she says it would be the most ridiculous vanity in her to think he really gives her a preference; and that the attention he pays her is only for his present amusement. Thus does poor Emma torment herself; though Lord William has all that embarrassed attention that characterises a real passion; and his fine eyes follow her wherever she goes, in which is not only explained the condition of his own heart, but his desire to discover the emotions of hers.—After all these inexplicable hopes and fears, I have a presentiment that his lordship and Emma will at last be happy in each other.

You ask me, my dear Lady Byron, if I have heard any thing of Middleton. You are the only one who ever mention his name to me. My friends, from a motive of policy, may possibly think it most prudent to say nothing of a man whom they once caressed and admired. But, supposing I once had been partial to Mr. Middleton, and that I were still so, they cannot possibly think this a right method to eradicate all recollection of him from my mind. I certainly have not forgotten, nor ever shall forget him: but my attachment is not that of a romantic girl. Had Mr. Middleton's condition been more independent, or could my friends view the distinctions of birth and fortune with the same indifference as I do, I would undoubtedly have preferred him to any of his sex. But, though he would have been the first man in my estimation, it by no means follows that I cannot be happy with any other. Did I hear his name mentioned indiscriminately with others of my acquaintance, I could hear and discourse of him with the same placidity and ease as I do on any other subject: but, while I see this reserve kept up, I cannot help feeling a restraint; and, if Mr. Middleton's name is accidentally mentioned, I feel my face in a glow, accompanied with such fluttering sensations, as if I were conscious of something wrong from within.

My amiable, my kind Fanny, have I traced the emotions I describe to their right source? are they occasioned by the conduct of my friends? or do they proceed from a latent spark not yet quite extinguished in my weak heart, whose frailties I seek to hide under this flimsy cover? You and Lord Mandeville could tell in a moment: but, as I have said before, such quick discernment is not necessary to happiness.

Mr. Sydney called on us one day last week.—I believe a visible pleasure shone in my eyes, when I saw him; and the first words that sprang to my lips, could I have uttered them, were inquiries after his friend.—I anxiously watched the countenances of my lord and lady, in hopes every moment that they would make the wished-for inquiry: but I was disappointed. Lady Hastings and Lord William were present: Louisa too was silent: she, who so well knew Mr. Middleton, never once asked after

him. I believe I once cast my eyes toward her, as much as to say, "Unkind Lady Hastings! had you been absent, and Middleton here, he would not have forgotten to inquire after you. At last, my kind, my considerate mother affectionately interrogated Mr. Sydney concerning his friend.—A crimson blush suffused my face and neck in a moment; and, unfortunately looking up, I observed the piercing eye of Lord Mandeville fixed upon me. I would have given worlds to have been able at that moment to conceal my countenance; but he, to relieve my embarrassment, very good-naturedly rose from his seat, and went to the window. Sydney made but very unsatisfactory replies to my lady's questions: only the cold monosyllable of "Yes" or "No" could be drawn from him; and he seemed desirous to evade the subject.—Sydney is a sensible, a good man: but he does not seem to think that every one is not so superior to the weaknesses of human nature as himself.

How very elaborate, my dear friend, have I been, and to how little purpose! Were I writing to any other female than yourself, it would be necessary to make an apology for troubling her with this tedious and uninteresting narrative, when I could have so much better entertained her with the inexhaustible and universally admired subjects of fashion, amusements, &c. &c.

To-morrow, Lord W. Mandeville gives a ball at his elegant villa at Twickenham: I shall not therefore close this letter till my return; as, from his lordship's fine taste, I have no doubt of its proving truly a day of pleasure.—Miss Pembrook, who is passionately fond of music and dancing, cannot help betraying her satisfaction at this well-timed compliment of his lordship's, which is evidently meant for her.—Adieu then, my beloved Byron, for the present.

After having dedicated a few hours to rest, I resume my pen, to tell you I have not, since my arrival in town, spent a day so entirely to my satisfaction as yesterday. Our entertainment was marked by taste, elegance, and a happy simplicity, which steals more powerfully, though imperceptibly, on the soul, than the glare of magnificence which we so often meet with, where the eye is tired with the redundancy of show. That simplicity gave an air of ease and pleasure to every thing around. —The company was well chosen, and seemed pleased with each other. Lord Mandeville danced with the happy Emma: Lady Ann Mandeville, who is a very fine woman, danced with Mr. Brudenel; Sir Frederic Aubrey, with his adored Charlotte; Lady Hastings with Lord Edmund, Lord William's younger brother, a handsome youth. But I cannot enumerate the whole company.—Lord William introduced me to his brother, the Duke of L***s, and I had the honor of his hand for the evening.—I wish you could have seen the animated pleasure that played in every motion of Lord Mandeville and his partner, as they swam gracefully down the dance.—His Grace was very gallant, and whispered in my ear a thousand soft nothings—they were, literally speaking, soft nothings. I do not, however, mean this as a reflexion on his Grace's understanding; for I believe he possesses a very good one: but I think, from his conversation, that he entertains, with many other men of sense, a very contemptuous opinion of the mental faculties of our sex. Such opinions are certainly not liberal; and I often wonder that men of enlarged minds should give way to them. You will possibly think, from what I have said,

that the duke is no favorite of mine: and, in truth, I cannot admire a man who treated me as if he thought I was a fool. But, as I have often thought, my large independent possessions leave me very little chance of being treated as a rational being. To do his Grace justice, however, when he had run through his vocabulary of compliments and flattery, and condescended to converse in a rational manner, I found him a tolerably entertaining and agreeable companion.

But whither am I rambling? Morpheus, it seems, has shed his poppies not only over my head, but also over my pen; for surely my narrative is uncommonly drowsy. However, if this long epistle does not amuse you, my friend, it will at least lull you to rest: and now, having administered so powerful a soporific, I shall bid you adieu, wishing every happiness to you and your Byron; to which are added my wishes for a return of those hours of social converse that we so oft have enjoyed together.—Your ever obliged and affectionate friend,

MATILDA LENOX.

(*To be continued.*)

---

## CHARITY.

.........." Take physic, Pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heav'ns more just."
*Shakspeare.*

AT this inclement season, the wretched, forlorn condition of the poor must interest every feeling mind. The benevolent heart and charitable hand may find a sublime employment, which will cause sensations, infinitely superior to those felt by the accumulator of riches, when increasing his golden hoard.

" How blest is he, whose ev'ning ramble strays
Where droop the sons of indigence and care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at small expense, their fondest pray'r.

And oh! the joy to shun the conscious light,
To spare the modest blush, to give unseen;
Like show'rs, that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green."
*Shenstone.*

But, though, in some instances, it may be expedient "to spare the modest blush," and to deal cautiously with those, whose wounded, yet not wholly subdued pride, may take the alarm, and indignantly refuse the proffered succour; yet I humbly conceive, that those, to whom a bountiful Providence has imparted the means of alleviating the pangs of penury, and of lessening the sum of human woe, would do well to exercise the powers of discrimination.—Who are the greatest objects of pity, and have the strongest claims to the attention of the benevolent? Not the clamorous and importunate; not those, who, by an indolent dependence upon public support, have unnerved the arm of industry, and given the rein to idleness. No—those who most merit the commiseration of the charitably inclined, are the humble and the unassuming, who recede from, rather than obtrude upon, public notice. Were the tents of poverty but duly explored, how many a deserving character might be rescued from the severe gripe of want, disease, and death!

Ye humane and compassionate, who are desirous of redressing the evils which are the never-failing concomitants of extreme necessity,

"Draw the rude pin, that bolts the crazy gate;
Explore the cot, and mark the peasant's fate:
View him, of all that sweetens life, bereft;

And feel—if any sense of feeling's left.
Enter, in winter's dread tempestuous hour,
When the cleft walls admit the feath'ry show'r:—
Lo! Poverty is there, whose haggard form
Gives tenfold horror to the howling storm.
See, on the hearth, the remnants of a fire,
Fragments of sloe-thorn, and the prickly briar.
Round the weak blaze, reclines a squalid race—
Want's pallid signet stamp'd on ev'ry face.
Fled is each rosy grace: no transports rise,
To flush their cheeks, and fire their languid eyes.
Hush'd is the carol, that was wont to cheer
Their infant minds in seasons less severe.
Alas! by chilblains swol'n, and many a bruise,
Their feet scarce know the luxury of shoes.
View the lorn partner of this cottage man
Hung round with rags, disconsolate and wan.
On her pale visage mark that kindling flame:—
'Tis not the blush of guilt, or glow of shame,
But such as tincts the cheek of deep distress,
When strangers come, to scan its wretchedness.
This is no scene by fiction's pen portray'd,
While Fancy lent her prompt creative aid.
Though rude the outlines, faint the tints appear,
Alas! too just the portraits pictur'd here."

It is recorded of an eminently pious lady*, that she declared, that she should lose half the comfort of her life, if there were no poor.—What a mental luxury do those deprive themselves of, who, though possessed of the means, are destitute of the will, to cheer the drooping spirits of the sons of penury!—'Tis a truly amiable trait in the character of the lovely sex, when—unmindful of the fascinating allurements of pleasure, the flattering attentions that await the gay season of youth and beauty—they can quit the enchanting circle, in which by birth and fortune they are destined to move, to visit the cottage of poverty, to administer cordials to the victim of disease, to clothe the shivering limbs, and satiate the cravings of hunger. Deeds like these are well calculated to draw down a rich variety of blessings on their heads. We are told from high authority, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth. The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth, shall be watered himself."

Many of the fair creation are thus employed in diffusing comfort around them. Here let me add my humble tribute of applause, to those already conferred on the amiable daughters of a wealthy clergyman, the vicar of an adjacent village, who, instead of running the giddy round of feminine dissipation, and engaging in the gay frivolities of the times, are sedulously employed in making clothes, providing linen, and satisfying the varied wants of the poor villagers. Thus they are following the wise example of an exemplary mother, who, about a year since, was called by death from a scene replete with gratifying comforts, and big with social enjoyments, and consigned to the tomb amid the sorrowful effusions of a weeping village.—I will not attempt to delineate her character:—her virtues are upon record, and need not the puny efforts of my pen to perpetuate them.—I humbly conceive, that it would be productive of salutary effects, if those who are ordained to minister in holy things—whether episcopalian or sectarian—were, in their public discourses, to descant more upon the duty of charity. An appropriate address, warm from the heart, would, doubtless,

* Mrs. Rowe.

operate upon the feelings of the audience, and rouse to action the humane mind, that may loiter in the way, and perhaps stimulate that hand to give which never gave before.—It might influence those to deposit their mites in the treasury of charity, who have little to bestow, when reminded that even a cup of cold water, given with proper motives, shall not lose its reward.

*Haverhill.* JOHN WEBB.

---

*The* STREETS; *or Hints to* YOUNG LADIES, *from an* OLD ONE.

IN walking the streets of London alone, young females cannot possibly be too cautious in their demeanour; for they should constantly remember, that this city contains, at all times, great numbers of idle dissipated men, who, from a variety of causes, are constantly on the look-out, to annoy females who are alone:—among these causes, curiosity is the least criminal. Every day do I behold, as I walk along the streets, the impudent well-dressed ruffian (it is a harsh name; but such unmanly conduct merits it) following and forcing his conversation upon some timid female, who is evidently shrinking from it, as she would from some venomous reptile. Oh! how I have longed for the strong arm and the bold determination of an honest man, to interfere, and protect threatened innocence.

When alone, females should studiously avoid every thing that may tend to attract these hateful annoyers; and, if they find themselves spoken to, they should, either by a firm reply or a positive silence, endeavour to rid themselves of them. If they find these fruitless, I would advise them to go into any respectable shop, and state their situation to the tradesman; and I am sure there are few in London who would not immediately send some one to see them safely home, if the distance were not too great.

Very young persons may sometimes, quite unintentionally, give encouragement to these nuisances. The young maiden, conscious of the entire rectitude of her own heart, is yet probably of a very lively disposition, and possibly may have with her another female about her own age, and as innocently volatile as herself:—one or two of these unmanly intruders happen to be attracted by their appearance, and directly follow them, and endeavour to get into conversation; the girls increase their pace; but, in doing so, continually peep over their shoulders, with a full laugh upon their faces, which, if you were to ask them, they would tell you was only occasioned by the ridiculousness of the fellows following them. This, however, is too frequently construed by these puppies into a sort of invitation to continue the pursuit; which they often do to the very homes of the females; thus probably making themselves acquainted with who and what they are, and so enabling themselves, if they think it worth while, to lie in wait for them, and annoy them again.

I would not be thought too prudish: but I would most seriously caution young females against any such conduct. All minds are not equally strong; and mischief may come of it.—Well I know, it is not in their power always to avoid being thus followed and molested; but it is in their power to prevent any encouragement being given by themselves to their pursuers; and, however innocently they may mean it, or unconsciously they may do it, the real effect is the same on the depraved minds of such men. ANNA.

## *On* Skepticism.

"Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer's day,
Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage,
Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary show'r descend?
Or shall frail man Heav'n's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end?" *Beattie.*

What a wretched and hateful being is the skeptic! Surely it is impossible for the man who doubts every thing, to be at all happy. The skeptic will not allow any thing that happens, to be the work of an all-directing power. Wrapped up in self, he endeavours to account for all the events of this sublunary world by the simple operations of nature, and of chance. These are his never-failing friends in argument: but, were he asked what he meant by "Nature," he would be infinitely puzzled for an answer that should be at all tolerable. Forgetting that Nature, with the good and believing man, is but another word for God, he can see nothing in what are usually called the operations of Nature, but the perpetual recurrence of what the world has been long used to: therefore the seasons, heat and cold, day and night, being matters that are sure to happen, nothing short of the Almighty going out of his beautiful course, and substituting night for day, cold for heat, and winter for summer, could at all convince one of these miserable beings. To the mind that delights in believing the omnipresence of the Deity—which every occurrence in the world speaks so plainly, that "he who runs may read"—every thing is filled with a lesson of wisdom for his soul. Such a one would call upon the skeptic to look at the construction of a bird's nest, and say whether chance (or, as the skeptic would call it, Nature, by which *he* means chance) could have instructed the little warbler to build such a habitation: he would then say to the unbeliever,

....... "Mark it well, within, without.
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join: his little beak was all:
And yet how neatly finish'd! What nice hand,
With ev'ry implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? *Hurdis.*

He would then ask him to behold the bee, another of Nature's most industrious artists—

............ "a cunning architect,
Who at the roof begins her golden work,
And builds without foundation."

Reason would fail the skeptic: he must in vain endeavour to account for these, and millions of other circumstances equally curious, and in like manner to be traced only to that heavenly hand, which guides and animates the whole. Like other fools, he would pretend to laugh at that which he could not explain; and, wedded to his own madness with all the obstinacy of infatuation, would probably go on in his terrible course, till the hand of sickness or of death should awaken him from his fearful trance, to all the bitterness of conviction—of conviction come too late!

...... "Come hither, fool, who vainly think'st
Thine only is the art to plumb the depth
Of truth and wisdom. 'Tis a friend who calls,
And has some honest pity left for thee.
Oh! thoughtless, stubborn skeptic! Look abroad,
And tell me, shall we to blind chance ascribe
The scene so wonderful, so fair, so good?
Shall we no further search, than sense will lead,

To find the glorious cause which so delights
The eye and ear, and scatters ev'ry where
Ambrosial perfumes?"

Forbid it Heaven! forbid it every thought of good on earth! Shall we behold all that is curious and admirable in nature; shall we mark the wonderful construction of our own frames, and the evident reason implanted in us to guide our actions; and deny, or doubt, that there is a Being who first constructed the whole, and still watches over and guides it? Oh! no! no! Rather let us bow down before him, and confess our weakness and imperfection.

"Shall thou or I, who cannot span ourselves,
In this our narrow vessel, comprehend
The being of a God?"

Could the skeptic perform more than his fellow men—could he arrest the progress of nature—could he forbid the tides to flow, the sun to rise, the moon to irradiate the night at her appointed time—could he

. . . . . . . . . . . . "compress the deep,
And shut it up within the hollow round
Of the small hazel-nut"—

then might he dare to question the interference of Heaven in the events of this sublunary scene: then might he pretend to scale the height "of wisdom infinite, and comprehend secrets incomprehensible:" then might he venture to assert, with some chance of being believed, that there was no God, and that the "revolving universe" wanted not an almighty hand to give it the first impulse, or to keep it now in motion.

The skeptic's creed is a tissue of the most miserable quibbles:—against reason and against revealed religion, he fondly hopes to make a stand with his desperate fooleries. Oh! never may they be available to him; may every human being, who shall be tempted by one of these characters, to throw away the delightful certainties of Scripture, for the pretending nothings of skepticism, answer him in the language of Hurdis—

"Persuade me not, insulting disputant,
That I shall die, the wick of life consum'd,
And, spite of all my hopes, sink to the grave,
Never to rise again. Will the great God,
Who thus by annual miracle restores
The perish'd year, and youth and beauty gives
By resurrection strange, where none was ask'd,
Leave only man to be the scorn of time,
And sport of death? Shall only he one spring,
One hasty summer, and one autumn see,
And then to winter irredeemable
Be doom'd, cast out, rejected, and despis'd?
Tell me not so, or by thyself enjoy
The melancholy thought.—Am I deceiv'd?
Be my mistake eternal. If I err,
It is an error sweet and lucrative.
For, should not heav'n a further course intend
Than the short race of life, I am at least
Thrice happier than thou, ill-boding fool,
Who striv'st in vain the awful doom to fly,
Which I not fear. But I shall live again;
And still on that sweet hope shall my soul feed.
A medicine it is, which, with a touch,
Heals all the pains of life; a precious balm,
Which makes the tooth of sorrow venomless,
And of her hornet sting, so keen, disarms
Cruel Adversity." J. M. LACEY.

---

## *Permanent* WINTER FUNDS *for the* POOR.

*To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.*

SIR,

The month of January has been a period of excessive bitterness for the poor—of bitterness which cannot be pictured to the imagination, unless the eyes and ears of humanity have witnessed it. The moderate man sits over his leg of mutton, and his pot of porter, and, with a shrug of pity, exclaims, "Wretched wea-

ther this for the poor!" But, did he see them, with a large family of children, dividing their scanty meal of potatoes, often without bread, and almost constantly without meat, by a fire which scarcely deserves the name, his heart would bleed for their misery; and he would go back to his plain but comfortable home, with feelings of gratitude to the almighty Power that had so benefited him, and with a double zest for all his meals, which he perhaps used sometimes to despise, when a thought of the luxuries of the great stole across his mind.

In this great city, it is delightful to remember, that real want, sickness, or distress, have but to raise a supplicating voice; and relief, as far as it is in the power of charitable institutions to give it, is ready for them. During the late severe weather, although the newspapers teemed with censure against the different parishes for not doing that which they were actually doing at the very moment —affording relief to their poor inhabitants—great was the benefit to the miserable, in the distribution of bread, coals, &c. Some of the parishes raised £500, others £1000, and others, I believe, still more; and those gentlemen, who had the distribution of the subscriptions, were witnesses to scenes of want and misery almost unparalleled; and the poor shivering crowds, that attended about the doors of the different vestry and committee rooms, were astonishing. My heart swells in my bosom, and I feel an innate pleasure that I have been an humble contributer of comforts in the day of distress. I shall not utter one breath of reproach against any of my fellow citizens, either for their backwardness in giving, or for the mode adopted in relieving; I believe that the former has been most liberal, and the latter as well arranged and executed, as the emergency would admit.

Still are we improvident, most improvident. Unlike the busy ant, who lays up a store for winter—man, with all his forecast, omits precaution till the hour of want arrives, and then sets about providing for it. This has never struck me so forcibly as at the present period; and I am only astonished it has never been thought of, and some permanent remedy adopted before.

When we consider what articles are most advanced in price in the winter season, we shall find coals to be the most prominent, and most uncertain in their supply. Provisions may, and certainly do, increase somewhat in price, perhaps one sixth, I take this as a medium; some articles more, and some less, of course: —but coals are frequently doubled, sometimes more than doubled, as we have lately seen: and let it be observed, that coals are a most essential article to the poor; only next in necessity to food itself. Thus, when subscriptions are raised on a sudden, the coals must be bought at the extravagant market-price; and the money soon swallowed up. It is an old, but very significant proverb, that, "while the grass grows, the steed starves;" so do the poor, while the subscriptions are collected.

I could wish to see something done in every parish on a more extensive and permanent plan. Surely, the parish or place that could raise on an emergency £1000, would soon be able to raise a permanent fund of more than four times the amount: let it be made thoroughly known by vestry and other meetings: let our clergy earnestly inculcate the necessity of it from the pulpit, in charity sermons, which might be continued twice in every year; the product of

them to go to the general fund: let subscriptions and donations be warmly solicited; and let hints be thrown out to the benevolent, to bequeath sums by will for the same generous purpose; and I am sure every parish would soon be enabled to anticipate, in every winter, some of the many wants of the decent poor, who do not like to throw themselves publicly upon a parish for relief.

It may be argued against this plan, that we seldom have so severe a winter as the present; and consequently the poor will not stand so much in need of assistance. To this I would answer, that, in the article of coals, the poor, in *every* winter, stand in need of help; for we all know, that, in the depth of winter, coals are sure to be very dear; and how easy would it be for the parish that had raised such a sum as £4000, even with the simple interest, £200 a year, to lay in a large stock of coals at the cheapest summer-price, and retail them out to the deserving poor, when they have reached the high winter-charge, at the same price for which they were purchased. This would be doing an infinite service to the poor, without even making away with the interest of the sum originally subscribed. Thus, in mild winters, the poor would be benefited; and the interest might be afterwards added to the principal, which would, by this and other means, go on increasing as a store for a hard and severe season, when part of the principal might be resorted to, or even an occasional subscription raised to assist it; and the poor might receive coals, bread, soup, &c. as the directors of the institutions might see best.

Against the plan of laying in a stock of coals in summer in every parish, it may be urged, that it would have the effect, by a sort of monopoly, of increasing the summer-price. I think not; for let it be remembered, that individual coal-dealers, who can afford it, lay in immense quantities then, for the purpose of retailing them out in winter, at the advanced price, to those very persons who would be benefited by the proposed plan. These dealers would soon find that the laying in so large a stock was in a great degree unnecessary; and the market would find its level, as before: and, as to any loss of business they might sustain, the thought, that

"All partial ill is universal good,"

will reconcile it in a moment.

I could wish to see, in the event of parishes adopting some such method as I have here proposed, the most respectable and benevolent persons in them appointed trustees for the conducting of the institutions, which would thus have more to recommend them, than if they were regulated by the petty feelings that but too often influence what is called parish business.

These are crude and hasty hints: but I am well convinced, that, in so charitable a metropolis as this, they only want to be adopted by abler heads and hands than mine, to become widely general, and most beneficially successful. J. M. L.

---

## SWITZERLAND, *as it was in* 1790.

*** The following pages are part of a translation (undertaken about sixteen years ago) from the German of H. L. Lehmann, who had recently visited Switzerland, and communicated his observations to the public in a series of letters. The translator never completed his task; and part of his MS. has been lost. To preserve the remainder from a similar fate, it is sent for insertion in our miscellany, where we hope it will prove not un-acceptable to our fair readers.—It begins with

### LETTER VI.

THE promenade near the Limmat is beautiful: beautiful is the situa-

tion that has here been chosen for the monument of Gessner; beautiful the monument itself, which was executed in a masterly style by Trippel of Schafhausen, a young sculptor of considerable merit, who studied his art at Rome. What a pity that so excellent an artist was cut off in the flower of his age, soon after the completion of this work, which may now be considered as at once a monument to the poet, and a monument to the sculptor!

But whoever wishes to view this monument must come to Zurich in summer, not in winter.—The beautiful statues at the celebrated fountain of Abdera were of such delicate constitution, that they were said to sneeze, as if they had caught cold, whenever the water-works were played. Now, it may possibly have happened, that, by some unaccountable transfusion of ideas, the dread of a similar accident has taken possession of the Zurichers' minds, especially as Gessner's monument stands on the banks of the Limmat—and that this notion inspired them with the lucky thought of inclosing the monument in a thick, heavy, wooden case.

That case constitutes a complete little house, though a very aukward and inconvenient one; and in it the memory of Gessner is kept comfortably snug and warm during the winter season. In front is a small door, through which visitors are admitted, to view the monument, under this covering, and in this dark gloom, with the assistance of only such light as can penetrate through that narrow opening.

On questioning the man who keeps the key of this show-box, and who, for money and fair words, opens it to those who wish to see the precious treasure which it incloses—and inquiring of him the motive of this extraordinary regulation—he replied—"The magistrates have wisely ordained it so, in order to protect this excellent and far-famed monument from wind and weather."

The Medicean Venus, the Laocoön, and the Belvedere Apollo, are exposed to the weather in all seasons; and, thus open and free of access, their beauties at all times delight and enrapture the soul of every virtuoso, and melt it in admiration; whereas it is only in the summer months that travelers and *virtuosi* are indulged with a sight of Gessner's monument, which, during the greater portion of the year, lies concealed under a dark and envious covering. But the country which possesses the former is the land of the fine arts and the Muses, whereas Gessner's monument stands the chief ornament of the enlightened capital of a mercantile state!

The canton of Zurich ranks before Bern, with respect to the period of its accession to the Helvetic confederacy, but must yield to it in point of extent and population; its extent being only forty-two and a half square German miles, and its population amounting, at most, to a hundred and seventy thousand souls, of whom about twelve thousand live in the capital; though the number of what may properly be called the burghers is only about two thousand.

These two thousand burghers of the town of Zurich possess and exercise complete sovereignty over the remaining hundred and sixty-eight thousand inhabitants of the canton. They have exclusively engrossed all the trade and commerce, all the offices and posts of honor, all the power of the state, and all the concomitant advantages and emoluments. You are astonished, my friend! You cannot conceive how so glaring an invasion of the rights of free men ever could be accomplished, or how the

invaders could have been able to maintain their usurpation. But that I will explain to you.

In the infancy of the republic, the town possessed a very narrow and inconsiderable territory, the whole of whose productive industry and active exertion was naturally centred within the walls of Zurich. When, partly by purchase and partly by conquest, it afterward gradually extended its boundaries and enlarged its dominion, the thirst of gain increased in equal proportion. This was succeeded by avarice, the lust of power, and the spirit of oppression: and thus two thousand burghers of Zurich acquired those unjustifiable and highly antirepublican privileges, which they retain to this day; excluding all the other inhabitants of the canton from any participation in the government, and from every advantage thence resulting—nay even from the freedom of trade, and (what you will hardly believe) from the cultivation of their minds, and from the study and practice of the sciences.—As the constitution of this *free state* may not perhaps, in this view, be sufficiently known to you, I proceed to explain my meaning more clearly with respect to this striking feature of it, and particularly the intolerable restrictions under which commerce and the sciences are here condemned to groan.

In the municipal towns, and throughout the whole low country of the canton of Zurich, the inhabitants are indeed allowed to practise their various trades, and to manufacture their raw materials; but they are not permitted to export the productions of their industry to foreign countries, but are bound by the *republican* laws of the state to carry their commodities to Zurich, and there offer them for sale. Of course, the manufacturer who is not a burgher of Zurich, though a native of the canton, must, in the market of this domineering capital, be content to see the purchaser, who *is* a burgher, take at whatever price he pleases the merchandise that is offered to him, and enjoy the privilege of exporting it to foreign countries, or selling it wheresoever and to whomsoever he thinks proper.

Thus the Zurich merchant, with a most unjustifiable rapacity, engrosses by far the greater portion of the profit arising from every article manufactured in the whole canton, except what is produced in the town itself; while the real manufacturer enjoys only the smallest share of the fruits of his own industry—a share, which, by the increasing avarice and luxury of the capital, gradually suffers such a material diminution, that hardly so much is left to the laboring and useful inhabitant of the canton, as will enable him to protract his wretched existence.

The same is the case with respect to learning. Not only is the path to all lucrative offices, to all public charges, barred against every man who is not a burgher of Zurich; but, in the capital, in the municipal towns, in the country parts, and throughout the whole canton in general, even a native cannot obtain a living in the church, unless he be a burgher of Zurich*! Thus have two thousand Zurichers, by an unprecedented assumption of power, monopolised, not

* That regulations like these prevent and render nearly impossible the cultivation of the mind, is an assertion which hardly requires any further proof: for who will devote himself to literary pursuits, when he sees, that, after the completion of his studies, he is to be deprived of all hope of preferment—and when, under a government which still continues to enforce such oppressive laws, he has no other prospect from his labors, than that of being condemned to languish in contempt and oblivion?

only the temporal, but the spiritual commerce of the entire canton*!

Hence that pitiful narrow-minded policy, which prevents the right worshipful burghers of Zurich from conferring the right of burghership even on any native of their own canton: for, as to foreigners, they are wholly out of the question. It is well known, that, during a period of a hundred and seventy years, they have not admitted a single new burgher; with the view—a wise political view, no doubt!—that the number of the happy few might not receive any increase, and that the multitude of the oppressed and suffering many might experience no diminution!

Such laws as these, in a state which calls itself *free*, speak too clearly, to require the slightest comment. I therefore content myself with expressing a single wish—that the gracious lords of the canton of Zurich, the wise gentlemen who sit at the helm of state, may read these remarks, may seriously consider them, and may at length suffer the other inhabitants of the canton to keep in their own hands the management of their salvational concerns, subject to fewer restrictions—and may also allow them, on this side heaven, the liberty of enjoying the fruits of their own industry.

Wherever I turn my eyes in this *free* country, a crowd of new objects press upon my sight, which are strongly marked with the features of oppression and despotism. If I visit the seats of justice, I find no regular code of law: if I look for judges who have made law their study, instead of such I find common burghers, whose decisions are influenced by chance, by prejudice, and not seldom by avarice. With horror and affliction unspeakable, I view the bloody tracks of the penal law. The criminal code of Charles the Fifth, with some modifications and additions, is indeed the groundwork: but a most extensive latitude is left to the judges, who may construe the law according to their own notions of equity, or their arbitrary caprice. What dreadful abuses may not be expected from the exercise of such a power vested in the hands of a frail mortal!

If you talk to a Switzer on this momentous subject, he answers you with an astonishing degree of thoughtlessness, that "their laws are very mild, their judges very humane, and that very few [?] instances occur of innocent persons being condemned and executed," &c. What an answer! Is happy chance a proof of wisdom? Does the temporary escape from error afford any permanent security against error for the time to come? Are we therefore right, because the event has not happened to prove us wrong? The weakness of the human mind is never displayed in so conspicuous a light, as when men begin to dream of infallibility. But, however puerile and ridiculous that dream may be in other instances, when once it embraces objects which involve the honor, the peace, the fortunes, and the lives of our fellow men, it then ceases to be a mere weakness, and degenerates into detestable cruelty. Where then are we to look for that exalted wisdom, that vaunted mildness? Is it in the far-famed sorcery-trial on the occasion of the girl of

* That the press suffers from similar restrictions, I hardly need remark. Except two printing-offices in Zurich, which are the property of two members of the council, no other is suffered to exist in the whole canton. Consequently, no books can in fact be printed by any individual in the canton, except these two members of the council of Zurich: and even those which are published by the house of Steiner in Winterthur, must pass through their presses.

Glaris, who vomited pins*? is it in the execution of the crack-brained Waser? or in the use of the rack, which, to the horror and detestation of all civilised nations, is still retained in *free* Switzerland?

But, if we have reason to be dissatisfied with the penal laws of Switzerland in general, we have still stronger reason to proclaim our most decided disapprobation of the mode in which judicial proceedings are conducted in this particular canton. The unfortunate individual who here happens to be imprisoned for any crime, whether real or imputed, is *not examined in public*, but *privately* interrogated in the place of his confinement, by only two officers of justice and a secretary. The accused, while undergoing this clandestine and awful examination, is not allowed the benefit of counsel. Here then, so far from there being an opportunity of alleviating real guilt, even innocence itself has no hope of escape, if once it has laid itself open, through bashfulness, trepidation, or a deficiency in point of language.

The whole complexion of the succeeding trial entirely depends on the will of these two inquisitors: it is their report that determines the point of view in which the judges are to consider the culprit with respect to guilt or innocence. And if, after such a summary examination, in which the accused is deprived of all legal defence and aid, the dreadful sentence of death is once pronounced, the laws of Zurich allow no more hope of finding a door open for an appeal to a higher tribunal, than of experiencing any mitigation in the severity of the punishment: for the sentence of the criminal judges here is not the mere edict of mortal men, but, as it were, the mighty *fiat* of supernatural beings, who, like Jehovah at the moment of creation, see their will carried into execution the moment they have expressed it; with this only difference, that these exalted personages are so far limited in their power, that they cannot call a being into existence from non-entity, whereas they can say to their fellow man, "Let him perish;" and he is instantly annihilated!

Ye travellers, who visit this country to delight your eyes and your ears with the foam and the roar of its water-falls—to clamber up its steep mountains—to perform a pilgrimage to the hallowed precincts of Peter's Island, and there be-scrawl the walls of Rousseau's cell with your insipid sentimental rhimes—or to roam, with the "Eloïse" in your hand, through the delightful scenery of Vevay, Clarens, and Meillerie, and, with real or affected enthusiasm, to ape the feelings which warmed the energetic, the sublime, the truly sensible

* The sorcery affair, which took place about twelve [*now about* 28 *or* 30] years ago at Glaris, and the trial which was grounded on it, are too generally known, to require in this place a circumstantial detail: I shall therefore content myself with recalling the principal features of that transaction to the recollection of my readers. A girl of nine years of age undertook, for reasons to me unknown, to play off before her parents and friends the farce of vomiting pins; and this unnatural phænomenon was universally attributed to sorcery. A maid servant who had formerly lived in the family, and a locksmith and burgher of the town of Glaris, were the persons on whom the dreadful accusation fell; and they were dragged to prison. By threats of the rack, and other equally *mild* auxiliaries of justice, they were at length terrified into a confession that the smith had furnished the servant girl with a cake composed of iron filings, incantated earths, and acid substances, and that the latter had induced the child to eat the cake in her presence. The smith, in despair, and to escape an ignominious death which was otherwise unavoidable, hanged himself in the prison; and the servant maid was publicly executed as a sorceress!!!

soul of Rousseau—turn for a moment your eyes from the imaginary world of romance, and direct them hither to the world of reality, if perchance your nerves, in their present enfeebled state, can bear the rude shock of such a spectacle.—Associate with man, live with him, converse with him: view him in the different relations of father, husband, friend, man of business, judge. Accompany me to the wretched abodes of misery, sorrow, and despair; plunge with me into the dungeons where our unfortunate fellow men lie entombed; approach those devoted victims so near, that their voices may reach your delicate ears; and then, even in this *free and happy* land, drop a tear over afflicted humanity.

I intend to remain some time longer in Zurich: you may therefore soon expect further particulars.

(*To be continued.*)

---

## *Anecdotes of* PETER *the* GREAT.

(*Continued from page* 36.)

PETER was one day in a boat laden with earthen ware;—the encouragement he endeavoured to give to commerce, made him consider nothing that related to it unworthy his attention. As he was going over the boat, and examining its contents, his foot slipped, and he fell into the midst of the earthen ware, the greatest part of which was broken by his fall; he got up immediately, and declared that he was not hurt. "Yes," said the merchant: "but who will pay me for my earthen ware?" The Czar took out of his pocket a ducat, and gave it to him. This sum may appear a small indemnification from an emperor to a potter.

When any of his people, or his soldiers, to whom he was always accessible, and by whom he was much beloved, had any thing to request of him, or any complaints to make, they applied to him in person*. There was not a soldier married in his regiment of the guards of Preobragenski, (and there were as many as a thousand) who did not ask him without scruple to stand godfather to his first child, which he never refused to do, either himself or by proxy: he also visited the mother, gave her a kiss, and a ruble to the father, but never more; and this was not avarice on his part, but a wise and prudent economy. There was very little specie at that time in Russia; ready money was scarce, and he was very careful of it; he reserved it for the payment of his troops, and the maintenance of the army. He sustained long wars, created a navy, invited over foreign tradesmen and artificers, at a great expense; and, nevertheless, so admirable was the order he had introduced into his finances, that he never incurred any debts. He liberally rewarded merit, and no one knew better than he did how to recompense those who had rendered services either to himself or to the state: but his manner of recompensing them proves his genius; he conferred upon them lands more or less considerable, but such as were neglected or spoiled, and destitute of inhabitants. By these means he restored waste lands to cultivation, and encouraged industry and agriculture, the most solid foundation of the riches and strength of an empire. These lands are now perhaps worth a hundred times more to their possessors than any pecuniary reward he could then have bestowed.

He had likewise the rare merit of being zealously attached to Christianity, and, at the same time, an enemy to all superstition and fanaticism.

* The soldiers of the great Frederic did the same; they called him Fritz, and spoke to him with the utmost freedom.

Nothing is a more convincing proof, than this, of the excellence of his natural understanding.

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH AFFECTION.

(*From Col. Pinckney's "Travels."*)

WE were walking merrily on, when the well-known sound of the French-horn arrested our steps and attention. Mademoiselle Sillery immediately guessed it to proceed from a company of archers; and in a few moments her conjecture was verified by the appearance of two ladies, and a gentleman, who issued from one of the narrow paths. The ladies, who were merely running from the gentleman, were very tastily habited in the favorite French dress after the Dian of David*; whilst the blue silk jacket and hunting-cap of the gentleman gave him the appearance of a groom about to ride a race. Our appearance necessarily took their attention; and, after an exchange of salutes, but in which no names were mentioned on either side, they invited us to accompany them to their party, who were refreshing themselves in an adjoining dell. "We have had a party at archery," said one of them, "and Madame St. Amand has won the silver bugle and bow. The party is now at supper, after which we go to the chateau to dance. Perhaps you will not suffer us to repent having met you, by refusing to accompany us."—Mademoiselle Sillery was very eager to accept this invitation, and looked rather blank, when Mrs. Younge declined it, as she wished to proceed on her road as quickly as possible.—"You will, at least, accompany us, merely to see the party." —"By all means," said Mademoiselle Sillery.—"I must really regret that I cannot," said Mrs. Younge.—"If it must be so," resumed the lady who was inviting us, "let us exchange tokens; and we may meet again." This proposal, so perfectly new to me, was accepted: the fair archers gave our ladies their pearl crescents, which had the appearance of being of considerable value. Madame Younge returned something which I did not see; Mademoiselle Sillery gave a silver Cupid, which had served her for an essence-bottle. The gentleman then shaking hands with us, and the ladies embracing each other, we parted, mutually satisfied. "Who are those ladies?" demanded I.—"You know them as well as we do," replied Mademoiselle Sillery.—"And is it thus," said I, "that you receive all strangers indiscriminately?"—"Yes," replied she; "all strangers of a certain condition. Where they are evidently of our own rank, we know of no reserve. Indeed, why should we? It is to general advantage to be pleased, and to please each other."—"But you embraced them, as if you really felt an affection for them."—"And I did feel that affection for them," said she, "as long as I was with them. I would have done them every service in my power, and would even have made sacrifices to serve them."—"And if you were to see them again, you would, perhaps, not know them?" —"Very possibly," replied she: "but I can see no reason why every affection should be necessarily permanent. We never pretend to permanence. We are certainly transient, but not insincere."

* The celebrated French painter.

*The* MEANNESS *of* PRIDE.

(*From Mrs. More's "Christian Morals."*)

WHILE humility is never at variance with itself, pride is a very inconsistent principle. It knows not only how to assume the garb of the attribute to which it is opposed, but even descends to be abject, which humility never is. Consider it on one side, nothing is so self-supported;

survey it on the other, you will perceive that nothing is so dependent, so full of claims, so exacting, so incapable of subsisting on itself. It is made up of extrinsic appendages; it leads a life of mendicity; it stoops to beg the alms of other men's good opinion for its daily bread. It is true, the happiness of a proud man, if he have rank, arises from an idea of his own importance; but still, to feed and maintain this greedy self-importance, he must look around him. His pleasures are derived, not so much from his personal enjoyments, as from his superiority to others; not so much from what he possesses, as from the respect his possessions inspire. As he cannot entirely support his feelings of greatness by what he finds in himself, he supplies the deficiency by looking backward to his ancestors, and downward upon his train. With all his self-consequence, he is reduced to borrow his dignity from the merits of the one, and the numbers of the other. By thus multiplying himself, he feels not only individually, but numerically, great. These foreign aids and adjuncts help him to enlarge the space he fills in his own imagination, and he is meanly contented to be admired for what is, in effect, no part of himself. This sentiment is, however, by no means limited to rank or riches.

If the penury of pride drives it to seek its aliment in the praise of others, it is chiefly because we want their good opinion to confirm us in that which we have of ourselves.

---

### *Courtly* Politeness *and* Sincerity.

*(From Mr. Coxe's "Memoirs of the Kings of Spain.")*

After noticing the death of Charles II. the last male of the Austrian dynasty in Spain, which took place on the 3d of November, 1700, Mr. Coxe thus proceeds—

The king had scarcely expired, before the ministers and officers of state assembled, according to ancient custom, to examine and publish the royal testament. As this was a new æra in the history of Spain, and as general anxiety prevailed to know the new sovereign, the palace was crowded with people of all ranks, and the antechamber filled with the foreign ministers and principal courtiers, all eager to receive the earliest intelligence. At length the folding doors being thrown open, the Duke of Abrántes appeared, and a general silence ensued, to hear the nomination. Near the door stood the two ministers of France and Austria, Blecourt and Harrach. Blecourt advanced with the confidence of a man who expected a declaration in his favor; but the Spaniard, casting on him a look of indifference, advanced to Harrach, and embraced him with a fervor which announced the most joyful tidings. Maliciously prolonging his compliment, and repeating his embrace, he said, "Sir, it is with the greatest pleasure—Sir, it is with the greatest satisfaction—for my whole life—I take my leave of the most illustrious house of Austria *." The ambassador, who, during this strange address, had already begun to express his own satisfaction, and promise the future favor of his sovereign, was thunderstruck with the malicious and unlooked-for insult; and it required all his firmness, to remain and hear the contents of the will, which overthrew the hopes and baffled the plans of his imperial master.

---

### *A* Resurrection.

*(From Mr. Southey's Life of Lord Nelson.)*

After relating the execution of Prince Caraccioli, who was condemned to death by the hasty sentence of a court martial, for having served (though by compulsion) under the

* The will appointed Philip, Duke of Anjou, second son of the Dauphin, and grandson of Louis XIV. to be heir of the Spanish monarchy.

revolutionary government established at Naples by the French—and who, in pursuance of that sentence, was, by Lord Nelson's order, hanged on board a frigate in the Bay of Naples —the biographer adds—

The body was carried out to a considerable distance, and sunk in the bay, with three double-headed shot, weighing 250 pounds, tied to its legs. Between two and three weeks afterward, when the king was on board the Foudroyant, a Neapolitan fisherman came to the ship, and solemnly declared that Caraccioli had risen from the bottom of the sea, and was coming, as fast as he could, to Naples, swimming half out of the water. Such an account was listened to like a tale of idle credulity. The day being fair, Nelson, to please the king, stood out to sea: but the ship had not proceeded far, before a body was distinctly seen, upright in the water, and approaching them. It was soon recognised to be, indeed, the corpse of Caraccioli, which had risen, and floated, while the great weights, attached to the legs, kept the body in a position like a living man. A fact so extraordinary astonished the king, and perhaps excited some feelings of superstitious fear, akin to regret. He gave permission for the body to be taken on shore, and receive Christian burial.

### *Anecdote of* GARRICK.

(*From Mr. Northcote's "Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds.*")

DAVID Garrick sat many times to Sir Joshua Reynolds for different portraits. At one of these sittings, he gave a very lively account of his having sat once for his portrait to an indifferent painter, whom he wantonly teased; for, when the artist had worked on the face till he had drawn it very correctly as he saw it at the time, Garrick caught an opportunity, while the painter was not looking at him, totally to change his countenance and expression; when the poor painter patiently worked on to alter the picture, and make it like what he then saw; and when Garrick perceived that it was thus altered, he seised another opportunity, and changed his countenance to a third character, which when the poor tantalised artist perceived, he, in a great rage, threw down his palette and pencils, saying he believed he was painting from the devil, and would do no more to the picture.

### *Anecdote of Dr.* JOHNSON.

(*From the same Work.*)

THERE is no doubt that Miss Reynolds gained much of his good will, by her good-humoured attention to his extraordinary predilection for tea; he himself saying, that he wished his tea-kettle never to be cold; but Sir Joshua having once, while spending the evening at Mr. Cumberland's, reminded him of the enormous quantity he was swallowing, observing that he had drank eleven cups, Johnson replied, "Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine:—why then should you number up my cups of tea?"

### TRANSLATION.

### *Anecdote of* MURPHY *and* JOHNSON.

MR. Murphy was indebted to a whimsical circumstance for his introduction to Dr. Johnson. He was on a visit to Foote in the country, during the time that he wrote the Gray's Inn Journal; and he took up a French periodical publication, the *Journal Littéraire*, with a view to search for something worthy of translation. Having met with an essay which pleased him, he translated it, and sent it to his printer. It proved, however, to be an essay taken from the Rambler, and to have been translated by the French editor, without any acknowledgement to its original author. When Murphy discovered this to be the fact, he waited on Dr. Johnson to explain the circumstance; and hence began a friendship which terminated but with the life of the moralist.

### GRETNA-GREEN.

UNDER the article of "*Graitney*" (the proper appellation of the place known in England by the name of *Gretna-Green*) Mr. Carlisle, in his "Topographical Dictionary of Scotland," observes—

This parish has long been famous in the annals of matrimonial adventure, for the marriage of fugitive lovers from England, which have been celebrated here. But, as all unqualified persons who celebrate clandestine marriages in Scotland, are now, however, liable to be banished from the kingdom for life, this improper practice is likely to be abolished. And two persons, who were found guilty at Jedburgh, in 1812, have been banished accordingly.

# POETRY.

*Thoughts on* WINTER.
*By Miss* SQUIRE.

FAV'RITES of Fortune! ye, by Heav'n decreed
The child of penury and woe to cheer!
Oh! could my artless Muse successful plead,
And lead you now, while Winter frowns severe,
From splendid domes, where plenty loves to dwell,
To where, shut out from all the joys you share,
Struggling with hardships, words were poor to tell,
Want's pallid victim marks, in mute despair,
The dreary scene—and, while the winds loud rave;
Sighs from the storm to creep, and shelter in the grave.

Ah! could I from delusive Pleasure's train
Draw the gay youth, and win the lovely maid
With affluence blest, to spurn with just disdain
Th' insidious flatt'rers, who, too oft array'd
In Virtue's garb, beneath that semblance fair,
Hide the dark purpose, which, if seen aright,
Might warn, and, warning, save from sure despair
The heedless triflers, who, in Truth's despite,
Shun the sure guidance of her faithful ray,
And throw, on vain pursuits, Heav'n's choicest gifts away.

But, ah! presumptuous thought! My feeble lay
Unheeded flows; and Pity weeps in vain
O'er human anguish; for what hand shall stay
The woes attendant on thy ruthless reign,
Imperious Winter, if the rich forego,
For Folly's worthless toys, the joys refin'd,
Which he, whose bounty bids their cups o'erflow,
Calls them to share; and Charity thrice kind,
With open hand and tear-gemm'd eye, bestows
On those, who love, with her, to sooth the stranger's woes?

Oh! Charity, to ev'ry virtue true!
Daughter of Heav'n! benignant soother! tell,
Where, when from Fashion's changeful scenes you flew,
You deign'd, celestial visitant, to dwell.
'Tis winter now; and Want's imploring eye,
Uprais'd to heav'n, appears to seek thee there:
But fly not angry to thy native sky;
For some there are, who at thy call will spare,
E'en from their little, what the slaves of gold,
And Riot's sons, alike from poverty withhold.

Yes! there are some, who, while the wintry storm
Lays the proud monarch of the forest low,
Love, kindly love, the care chill'd breast to warm,
And sooth the silent agony of woe.
For them the matron, at the close of day,
Cheer'd by their kindness, by their bounty fed,
Instructs each lisping innocent to pray;
And, ere she grateful seeks her humble bed,
With bended knee and hands uprais'd implores
The Pow'r who guards the poor, to multiply their stores.

Oh! hearts thrice kind! still be it yours to feel
The silent bliss, to selfish souls unknown;
Still may you, while you seek the stranger's weal,
Taste the rich joys, that Feeling calls her own!
And when, as now, the wintry snows descend,
And the dense vapors hide the distant hill;
When tempests rude the lofty forest bend,
And with dismay the seaman's bosom fill;
Amid the storm, still be it yours to find
The calm that conscience gives, to bless the virtuous mind.

---

RETRIBUTION; *or* BONAPARTÉ *and the* RUSSIANS.
*By Miss* SQUIRE.

WHEN dire Ambition's guilt-stain'd vot'ry led
His murd'rous legions to o'erwhelm the brave,
To happier realms affrighted Mercy fled,
And bleeding Freedom call'd on Heav'n to save—

Nor call'd in vain:—the great Avenger heard.—
Justice, at his command, unsheath'd the sword:
"Now take," she cried, "that vengeance, long deferr'd,
And teach those spoilers, who have thus explor'd
Your injur'd country, that her sons disdain
This lawless chieftain's threats, as arrogant as vain."

Rous'd by her voice, yet still to prudence true,
The patriot warriors shun a while the fight:
Deceiv'd, secure, th' insulting foe pursue;
And picture Fear companion of their flight:
But fear was theirs, when, fir'd by native hands,
Devoted Moscow's proudest turrets blaz'd.
Shock'd at the view, hope fled th' astonish'd bands,
And their fell leader trembled as he gaz'd:
Truth's awful form amid the blaze appear'd,
And crush'd the Babel tow'rs, by proud Ambition rear'd.

Now doom'd in turn to fly, in turn pursu'd,
Where shall th' oppressor hide his guilty head?
How, valiant Russians, your just rage elude?
How 'scape the toils, by your wise chieftains spread?
For him, undaunted 'mid the battle's heat,
The daring soldier seeks with eager eyes—
Bravely resolv'd a noble death to meet,
Should Fate unkind with-hold the glorious prize*:
Prompted by hope, he scours th' ensanguin'd plain:
Dismay'd the tyrant flies; and valour seeks in vain.

Yes, when stern Winter, with unusual haste,
Mounted, in northern climes, his frozen throne,
Appall'd, astonish'd, o'er the corse-strew'd waste,
He fled, regardless of the gen'ral groan.

* An allusion to the reward offered by the Hettman Platoff—of his daughter in marriage, with a considerable dowry, to any of his brave Cossacks, who should take Bonaparté, dead or alive.

Around, afar, with varied ills oppress'd,
His sinking troops the load of life resign.
Did then compassion touch the tyrant's breast?
Did he then ponder on that Pow'r divine,
Whose awful *fiat* cloth'd in garb more drear
That land, where Nature droops 'neath Winter's rule severe?

Ah! no! I fear, no gentle thoughts engag'd
That mind, where all the Fury passions reign;
Fatal as waves, by adverse winds enrag'd,
Long had Compassion wept his pow'r in vain;
Till Heav'n, in mercy to a bleeding world,
With arm resistless stay'd his dread career;
To certain death his proudest legions hurl'd;
And sent bright Hope, the conquer'd lands to cheer;
While Peace, long shelter'd in our favor'd isle,
Call'd home her truant doves, and dar'd again to smile.

And shall she smile? shall Europe's pow'rs obtain
Her high-priz'd blessings from her direst foe?
Delusive hope!—with him all leagues were vain;
Nor faith, nor peace, his restless pride can know.
Scorning each tie, that binds the good, the brave,
To plan new battles, would he seek repose;
Then treach'rous rush th' unwary to enslave,
And hurl destruction on Ambition's foes:
Such foes are his:—and, oh! by Britain taught,
Be firm: your cause is just: and she has singly fought.

Victorious Russians! in whose clime severe
Stern Winter reigns, uncheck'd, in frozen pride,
Fear not! for he, who rules the varying year—
The God of battles, combats on your side.
In southern climes he spreads your native snows:
Their chilling pow'rs the Gallic hosts pervade;
On their proud shores the crimson torrent flows;

And the destroyer shrinks, in turn dismay'd.
Frenchmen, arouse! your country's wrongs atone:
Shake off th' usurper's yoke, and crush his blood-stain'd throne.

---

INVOCATIONS, *serious and comic.*
*By Mr.* J. M. LACEY.

*Invocation to* EMMA, *on seeing her copy the Portrait of a beautiful Female.*

How sweet the art, my Emma, thus to trace
The mimic features of some fancied fair,
To form the glowing beauties of a face
That blooms, like thine, in softest sweetness there!

The beaming eye, beneath thy pencil's glow,
Appears to emulate thine own, dear maid!
Those graceful ringlets thou hast taught to flow,
Contrasting only the sweet neck they shade.

Those vermeil cheeks are copied from thine own,
Where Nature has bestow'd her brightest bloom:
Those lips appear a rose-bud newly blown,
Where dewy freshnes heightens the perfume.

That pictur'd bosom, too, is form'd like thine,
Where e'en the kerchief seems supremely blest,
Whose envied office is with grace to shine,
The faithful guardian of a beauty's breast.

Believe me, Emma, though before thine eyes
A picture stands, where beauty is portray'd,
Which you should copy; yet the sight that's wise
Will see you've drawn a fairer, milder maid:

And those who know thee best, will there behold,
Though you pretend it not, you little elf,
That thou hast copied only features cold,
And stolen all the warm ones from thyself.

Yet, though thy hand each vivid tint has giv'n,
Though bright perfection reigns in ev'ry part,
It cannot picture beauty's living heav'n,
That steals seductive to the lover's heart.

And, while I praise the art that drew you form,
With all its beauties, all its beamy grace,
I more admire such charms, when glowing warm,
When lovely smiles illume fair Emma's face!

---

*The* PRISON.
*By Mr.* J. M. LACEY.
(*Continued from page* 40.)

SUCH dangers oft yon grief-worn victim bore;
And once, when wreck'd on Norfolk's sea-beat shore,
By Heav'n preserv'd, he gain'd the beach alive,
But yet so weak, he could no longer strive.
There, drench'd in rain, for hours he torpid lay,
Till help appear'd, as rose the dreary day.
Borne to a neighb'ring inn of humble fame,
Swift through his form a fever spread its flame:
Advice was call'd; but still the suff'rer lay,
Of slow-consuming sickness long the prey.
Each mild attention, that his hosts could give,
Seem'd thus to say, "We hope you yet may live."
An only daughter, innocent as fair,
Bless'd with her filial love this humble pair:
Chief 'twas her task to tend the sick man's bed;
And oft she pillow'd up his aking head;
Guess'd ev'ry want, as turn'd his heavy eye,
And strove with tenderness to sooth his sigh;
Glad, when she saw, to recompense her toil,
The anguish'd countenance assume a smile.
Heav'n bless'd her care; for soon recov'ry came;
The fever spread no more its fervid flame;
And convalescence now, with cheering sway,
Restor'd him health's pure, renovating day.
Still, as he gain'd his strength, new joys kept pace,
And oft he gaz'd upon his nurse's face;
Gratitude whisper'd, "To that maid you owe

Each blissful moment that your breast can know;
Her soothing offices of tender care,
When hope had almost yielded to despair,
Were such as you can ne'er to her repay;
They kept from death life's feebly-twinkling ray."
Thus as he reasons, soon his feelings prove
That gratitude may teach the mind to love;
And Emma, too, (such was the maiden's name)
Found that humanity could do the same:
And soon, when glowing health his frame had bless'd,
As wife he clasp'd fair Emma to his breast.
Mutual affection bless'd each happy hour:
Content and peace spread round their halcyon pow'r;
And oft, as retrospective thoughts would roam
To shipwreck'd mariners far, far from home,
He bless'd the storm that led him first to prove
The unknown bliss that waits on wedded love.
Ere the first year elaps'd, a blooming boy
Added new pleasures to their heart-felt joy;
And, as the infant face expanding grew,
Likeness of each the other often drew:
Emma her husband's features there would trace,
And he descry his Emma's artless grace.
Alas! it grieves the mind with mercy crown'd,
That comforts such as these should know a bound:
But here sad truth, with mournful voice, must tell,
That he who fought so bravely, lov'd so well,
Had now no friend in pow'r, whose word could save
From chilling want the breast so nobly brave.
Oft for employment he applied in vain:
Nought but a promise could he ever gain.
Years thus sped on: Want wav'd her wasting wing;
His small half-pay but scanty aid could bring;
And, as his family increas'd each year,
Distressing poverty oft drew the tear;
And he, who for his country fought and bled,
Now droop'd in solitude his sorrow'd head.
But still in Emma's willing smile he found
A joy too oft unknown to splendor's round;
And, if their humble meal was scant and plain,
No snarling discord gave their bosoms pain.
If but themselves had suffer'd, woe's alloy
Had ne'er infus'd its bitter with their joy:
But children num'rous, barely cloth'd and fed,
O'er their sad minds a gloomy sorrow spread.
Long with his wants the suff'rer nobly strove,
Faithful to each paternal tie of love.
At length a debt he ow'd, too large to pay,
And yet so small, that Affluence might say,
"Take of my store: discharge the trivial sum;
Then to thy home soft joy once more will come."
Alas! no friend like this the mourner found;
And soon he trod this prison's joyless round!
His creditor, relentless, would not hear
Emma's sad tale, or heed her falling tear;
Quite lost on him the infant's piercing cries,
That claim'd a father back with streaming eyes:
He tears him from them, seals his hapless doom,
And yields him up to share a living tomb!

(*To be continued.*)

---

*Address to* Russia.

Thou wide-ruling Queen, whose extended domain
Encircles the uttermost pole,
Where the storm and the merciless hurricane reign,
And the thunders incessantly roll—
O thou, who for ages in darkness wert lost,
Of existence unconscious, and dead to renown,
While the souls of thy people were cold as thy frost,
And thy bark, on the seas of oblivion toss'd,
Still floated ingloriously down!

Though deep were thy slumbers, and dark was the night
That veil'd thine ineffable blaze,
Thou didst burst, in an instant, O Russia! to light;
And the wide world look'd on with amaze.
In splendor majestic, and innocent state,
'Midst the nations it saw thee triumphantly tow'r;

Thou didst mingle thy voice in the awful debate:
The weak gather'd under thy wing; and the great
Wither'd up at the sight of thy pow'r.

Ye men of the desert! brave sons of the North!
Who rush, like your wolves, to the fight,
Oh! stretch the dread arm of your puissance * forth,
And awaken your slumbering might.—
From your regions of darkness, and ice-fetter'd lands,
With the mantle of winter for ever embrown'd,
Let the outcries of Liberty summon your bands:
For the pray'r of the righteous shall strengthen your hands,
And the blood of your slaughter'd cry out from the ground.

And sweet o'er the moss-cover'd graves of your dead
Shall hymns of thanksgiving arise;
And posterity's blessings shall hallow the bed
Where the queller of tyranny lies.
Like the tempest that buffets the mountainous wave,
Then dauntless roll on the fair ranks of your pride;
Your array the last hope of the long-shackled brave,
Your leader the Being who only can save,
The Ruler of battles your guide.

R. P.

Local Attachment.

When those we love are tarrying near,
And converse sweet and joy sincere
Beguile the passing hours away,
How oft the scenes of ev'ry day,
The wood, the grove, the sacred shade,
From habit long familiar made,
By hasty step, or careless eye,
Pass unobserv'd, unnotic'd, by!
But, when the world's unfeeling blow,
That waits alike on friend or foe,
Tears such companions from our eyes,
How dearly then we learn to prize
Each faithful spot, to mem'ry true,
That brings their image back to view!
The joys, that such gay hours attend,
Are vanish'd with the absent friend;
But those remain, which, rightly view'd,
Can give a charm to solitude:
The dazzling glow is past and gone:
The softer light remains alone.
For me—delighted when I gaze
On the lov'd haunts of former days,
Whene'er my wand'ring footsteps stray,
Where those I lov'd once took their way,
There is no spot that meets my view,
But brings delightful visions too;
And all and each have charms for me,
How light, how vain soe'er they be.
'Tis sweet to stand where they have stood;
'Tis sweet to ramble through the wood,
Where, rambling oft, in days before,
We trod the verdant mazes o'er;
And sweet at ev'ry turn to trace
The mem'ry of a former face.
With them I view'd each well-known scene;
With them I lov'd the laughing green;
With them I trod the flow'ry plain:
Oh! may I see those days again!
If that be happiness on earth,
Which gives the purest pleasures birth,
Which bids our ruder passions cease,
And breathes a ray of love and peace
Throughout our souls, with no alloy
Of conscious guilt to mar our joy;
Then call not these soft feelings vain—
Oh! may I see those days again!
But, if, while fondly ling'ring here,
'Mid thoughts of those we lov'd so dear,
Ungrateful Mem'ry paints to view
A cruel tale, yet sadly true;
If Death has snatch'd them from our side,
Or distant lands our steps divide,
And these fair scenes are traces then
Of those we ne'er may see again;
If, when such scenes arrest our eye,
We can't repress the struggling sigh,
But sorrows deep our bosoms fill,
'Tis melancholy pleasure still.
Oh! then what happiness to gaze
On the lov'd haunts of former days!
By each inspiring scene to prove
The memory of those we love! C. T.

*The fallen* Warriors.
(*From Mr. Preston Fitzgerald's "Spain delivered."*)

For you, lost heroes of the fight!
Who fell for freedom's gen'rous right—

* To those of our fair readers who are un-acquainted with French pronuntiation, we would observe, that, although Mr. *Walker*, in his *Dictionary*, makes *Puissance* three syllables, Dr. *Carey*, in his "*Practical English Prosody and Versification*," asserts it to be only two, and adduces proofs from Milton, &c. to support his assertion, that, in English, equally as in the original French, the *UI* is a diphthong in *Puissance*, as it is in *Puis-né*, *Nuisance*, *Bruit*, *Biscuit*, *Conduit*, *Suite*, *Cuisse*, *Cuirass*, *&c.* Editor.

Though the bright sun has set on you,
No more to rise in radiance new—
Though Youth's and Valour's early sleep
In vain devoted Beauty weep,
And here no more your hearts shall glow
With bliss that love's soft hopes bestow;
Yet a few years, and those you knew
Shall join you in some safer world,
Where war ne'er severs souls so true,
Nor fierce and fell Ambition's bolt is hurl'd.

And who, that feels the warrior's flame,
Or wakens to the wish of fame—
Who, that e'er lov'd his country well,
Would, for that field on which you fell,
Refuse to part this ling'ring life
Of imperfection, pain, and strife?
Oh! envied in your death!—adieu!—
Still Mem'ry and the Muse, for you,
Shall weave their fresh immortal wreath;
While tears shall fall, that balm the brave,
And sighs shall swell, that heroes breathe
For those in Vict'ry's arms and glory's grave.

*The luckless* SKATER.

SAMMY Snip went to skate, where, the ice being loose,
He fell in; but was sav'd by good luck.
Cried the tailor, "I'll never more leave my *hot goose*,
To receive, in return, a *cold duck*." B.

BLUE EYES.

THAT nought might wanting be, to grace
Eliza's love-inspiring face,
All-bounteous Heav'n has giv'n her eyes
The purest tint of summer skies.

# FASHIONS
## FOR
## MARCH.

*Morning Walking-Dress.*—A white muslin high dress, made close round the neck, with stomacher front—of a moderate walking length—ornamented at the feet and wrists with a trimming of needlework; over which a tunic pelisse of fine Merino cloth; the sleeves made very full at the setting on the shoulders, with a broad falling collar—the front of the bosom habit fashion, the skirt set on full, the sides falling off plain—ornamented on the bosom and front with broad silk twist—trimmed at the wrists, collar, and feet, with swansdown fur.—Hat composed of satin and straw—the crown of satin, to correspond in color with the pelisse—the front of open straw, of the flat cottage shape—to tie on one side with white satin ribbon—a wreath of flowers on one side.—Under the bonnet a small lace cap, the border shown in front.—Hair *à la Grecque*, to fall full on the temples, and loose on the back of the head and neck.—Ear-rings of pearl.—Necklace, an elastic gold chain falling loosely over the pelisse, to which is suspended a small cross of amber.—Gloves of dove-colored kid.—Half-boots of the same color and stuff as the pelisse.

*Evening Dress.*—A robe of pale blue crape, worn over a slip of white satin—full long sleeves of the same—bodice of pink satin, made moderately low on the bosom, with a full trimming of lace on the top—the sleeves at the shoulders and wrists ornamented with vandykes of lace—the skirt of the robe made full and long.—A bracer of white satin ribbon to tie in front.—Hair *à la Grecque*, to turn up behind, with a small sprig of flowers at top.—Ear-rings of diamond studs.—Necklace of pearl, with an ornament of diamonds to meet in front.—Fan of carved ivory.—Gloves of white kid.—Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes.—An occasional scarf.—Shawl of crimson silk.

*General Observations.—Morning Half-Dresses* are cloth robes of blue, fawn, or olive color, made close round the neck, with frill ruffs, long sleeves rather full; the robe made close in the skirt.—Cap of the same material, made close, with a small wreath of flowers on the front.—Hair in loose ringlets, falling on the temples.—Necklace of black beads.—Gloves of lemon-colored kid.—Shoes of black kid.—An occasional tippet of swansdown.

*Carriage Costume.*—White muslin robe, made with stomacher front—frill ruff—over which a robe pelisse of fine Merino cloth, with wrapper front, and full long sleeves, of light blue, orange, or dove color, trimmed with swansdown fur at the wrists, feet, and front.—Cap of the same material, trimmed round with swansdown; or cap of seal fur, made close to the head.—Hair in full curls in front, to fall loose on the back of the neck in small curls.—Ear-rings of pearl.—Necklace and bracelets *en suite*.—Half-boots of cloth, of the same color as the dress.—An occasional wrapper shawl of colored silk.

*Morning Promenade Dresses* are gene-

rally pelisses, of a short walking length; or the short tunic—the colors light brown, blue, or grey—trimmed with swansdown or seal fur—the tunic pelisse, trimmed at bottom with broad plaitings of lace.—White muslin robes are generally worn under this order of *costume*, with flounces of the same at the feet, with high stomacher fronts.—Mantles continue to be much worn, in form and color as fancy may direct: — they are generally with trimming of swansdown, made shorter than they have been, and plain at the neck.—Hats or caps of the same material, made close, trimmed with fur, and ornamented with flowers on one side.—Bonnets of straw, with cottage front, made flat on the top, are of the newest order—under which are small lace caps, to show in front.—Hair *à la Greeque*, full in front.—Half-boots of cloth, to correspond with the dress.—Gloves of dove or lemon-colored kid.

*Evening Dresses* are of colored crape, worn over slips of white satin, or gowns of colored sarsnet, with trimmings of lace—the bosom made moderately low, and of a moderate walking length, with full long sleeves.—Hair turned up behind, or falling in small curls on the neck.—Necklace and ear-rings of diamonds or pearls.—Slippers of white satin.—An occasional tippet of swansdown, or scarf of colored silk.

---

### Books *recently published.*

#### *Miscellaneous.*

Review of the first Principles of Bishop Berkeley, Dr. Reid, and Professor Stewart. 5*s*.

Family Instructor; or regular Course of Scripture Readings; with Explanations, &c. By John Watkins, LL. D. £1. 4*s*.

Sermonets, addressed to those who have not yet acquired, or who may have lost, the Inclination to apply the Power of Attention to Compositions of a higher kind. By Henry and Lætitia-Matilda Hawkins. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Flora Americæ Septentrionalis; or a Systematic Arrangement of the Plants of N. America. By Frederic Pursh. £1. 16*s*.

Thoughts on the Origin and Descent of the Gael; with an Account of Picts, Caledonians, and Scots. By James Grant. 16*s*.

Index to Pennant's Account of London. By T. Lownes. 15*s*.

Letters addressed to his late Grace, the celebrated Duke of Piccadilly, by an eminent royal Physician, on the best means of preserving his Health, and securing Longevity. 6*s*.

Maternal Solicitude for a Daughter's best Interests. By Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar. 3*s*.

Appeal to the Allies, and to England, in Behalf of Poland. 2*s*.

Lunar Observations, with a Theory of the Wind. By S. G. Da Costa.

Wewitzer's School for Wits; a new Jest-Book. By R. Wewitzer. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Accoucheur's Vade Mecum; being the Substance of a Series of Lectures delivered at the Westminster Lying-in Institution, Queen-square. By Joseph Hopkins. 6*s*.

#### *Poetry.*

Modern Accomplishments; or The Boarding-School. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Chalcographimania; or the Portrait-Collector and Print-Seller's Chronicle, with Infatuations of every description. By Satiricus Sculptor, Esq. 10*s* 6*d*.

Prince Malcolm; with other Poems. By John Doddridge Humphreys. 9*s*.

The Agonies of Bonaparté. By Peter Pindar, jun. 1*s*. 6*d*.

Carmen Triumphale: a Poem for the Commencement of the Year 1814. By Robert Southey, Poet Laureat. 3*s*. 6*d*.

The Death of Saul and Jonathan. By Edward Smedley, jun. M. A. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Sortes Horatianæ; a Poetic Review of Poetic Talent. 6*s*. 6*d*.

Moonlight; with several Copies of Verses. By Edward Lord Thurlow. 5*s*.

Shannon and Chesapeake. Tributary Verses, in Honor of that most glorious Achievement on the first of June last. By Lieut. M. Montagu, R. N. 3*s*.

#### *Dramatic.*

No. I. (to be continued on the first of every month) of the Rejected Theatre; or a Collection of Dramas, which have been offered for Representation, but declined by the Managers of the Theatres. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Who's to have her? a musical Farce. 2*s*.

For England, Ho! a melo-dramatic Opera. By J. Pocock. 2*s*.

Illusion; or the Trances of Nourjahad.

#### *Novels.*

Adelaïde; or the Counter-charm. By the Author of Santo Sebastiano. £1. 15*s*.

Jane de Dunstanville; or Characters, as they are. By Isabella Kelly. £1. 1*s*.

Réné; from the French of Chateaubriand. 4*s*.

I can't afford it. By Mrs. Hamilton. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Amabel; or the Memoirs of a Woman of Fashion. £1. 8*s*.

# CHRONICLE.

*The King.—Bulletin of February* 5.—"His Majesty's bodily health is good: but his disorder is un-abated."

*Price of Bread.*—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *February* 3, thirteen pence, farthing—*Feb.* 10 *and* 17, the same—*Feb.* 24, twelve pence, halfpenny.

[24] December 14, a gallant attempt was made by a small British force, under Capt. Sir Josias Rowley, of the America, to take Leghorn by a *coup de main*. They obtained possession of the suburbs; but, unable to force an entrance into the city, retired in good order, with very trifling loss.

[26] *Skating extraordinary.*—Yesterday, Mr. Maxwell skated from Long Acre to the parade in St. James's Park, in four minutes, fifty seconds.

[26] *Curious Robbery.*—Four casks of ale, in the store-cellar of Messrs. Jennings's brewery at Windsor, were lately emptied by thieves, who had, for the purpose, bored a hole opposite to each cask, through a fourteen-inch brick wall.

[27] *Jamaica, Decem.* 10.—Last week, a law was passed here, allowing free people of color to give evidence in all cases against whites, and to possess property to any extent.

[28] The allies have made rapid advances into the French territory.—January 14, a part of their force had a serious engagement at two leagues from Langres.—On the 16th, a division appeared before Châlons.—On the same day, a band of fifteen hussars appeared before Mâcon; and the national guards, posted there, suffered the bridge over the Saone to be seised by a party of fifty men.—On the 19th, the advanced posts of the allies were only three leagues from Lyons.

[29] A body of the allies lately appeared before Tournay; and, in the night of the 14th of January, another party threw some shells into Thionville.

[29] The alarm, excited in France by the successes of the allies, having caused a run upon the national bank at Paris, a resolution was adopted by the directors, on the 19th of January, to limit the daily cash-payments to 500,000 livres (little more than £20,000 sterling)—and that no person should be entitled to apply to the bank for payment, without a ticket from the mayor of his quarter or district.

[29] Letters from America state that *Gen. Moreau's* nephew, adopted by him as his son, and placed by him in a French college at Baltimore, was expelled by the superior, Mons. Dubourg, as soon as he received the news of the general's death.

[29] At a sale of land at Stone, Staffordshire, on the 4th instant, several lots were sold at the rate of 225 and 250 guineas per acre; and, the following day, thirty-three acres, situate half a mile from the town, were sold for 4000 guineas.

[29] Jan. 25, *Mr. Pott*, vinegar-merchant in the Borough—besides subscribing £50 to a collection for the relief of the poor—to prevent the necessity of purchasing coals for them at the present high price, *lent* to the managers of the fund *fifty chaldrons* from his own cellars—to be returned when coals are at the cheapest rate between this time and June.

[29] Jan. 27, a meeting was held at the City of London Tavern, and resolutions adopted, to raise a fund for the relief of the distressed inhabitants of Germany.

[29] In the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, tickets are issued at the vestry to persons in distress, entitling each to four pounds of meat, a quartern loaf, a bushel of coals, and a quantity of potatoes.

[31] Jan. 23, Bonaparté appointed his Empress Regent during his intended absence, and, on the 25th, set out from Paris, to put himself at the head of his armies.

[*February* 1] So dreadful a blow has the stoppage of the bank of Paris inflicted upon commerce, and so utterly impossible is it to borrow money at the legal rate, that, on the very day the bank stopped, a decree was passed, by which, till the 1st of January, 1815, borrowers and lenders are at liberty to pay and demand any rate of interest which may be agreed upon between them.

[1] *Hatton-Garden.*—Mr. Samuel Dalton, of Hampstead, appeared yesterday to a summons, for refusing his horse and cart on Saturday, to take the baggage of the 2d regiment of Guards to Eltham, in Kent; for which he was convicted in the penalty of five pounds.

[2] Two ostriches were landed on Tuesday at Portsmouth from the Perseus. They were brought from the Barbary coast by Captain A'Court.—One of them stands almost eight feet high.

[2] *False Imprisonment.—Sheriff's Court, Borough.*—Yesterday, an action was brought by Mr. Price, a surgeon and apothecary in Blackfriars'-road, against the commissioners of the Sheriff's Court, for false imprisonment. The ground of

the action was this: it is required by the Act of Parliament, that a debt above 40*s.* must be proved under at least five commissioners; and at the time the debt was proved, in consequence of which the plantiff was arrested, and which amounted to £2. 19*s.* 6*d.* there were only three commissioners sitting; the arrest was consequently illegal.—Damages £10.

[2] Letters received from Bengal announce the capture of Sambas, a town inhabited by pirates, in the island of Borneo, in July last, by a detachment of our troops under the command of Major Watson, after an obstinate resistance, in which we sustained a trifling loss.

[2] On Saturday a heron was caught at Batheaston: its wings being so encumbered with ice, as to prevent its rising, it was taken by the hand, and is now in the possession of a person in Bath.

[2] *Undutiful Son.*—At the Clerkenwell Sessions, Jan. 20, on an application (under an act of Queen Elizabeth) from an aged and distressed parent, for an order to enforce an allowance of relief from his son, a young man in independent circumstances, the court declared the son bound to relieve his aged father, and issued an order of assessment accordingly.

[3] During the last few days, a great number of the fish called golden maids were picked up on Brighton beach, and sold at good prices. They float on shore quite blind, a state to which they are reduced by the snow; and it is a fact well known, that, after heavy falls, these fish are always thus found in great abundance.

[4] An offer of negotiation for peace was made by our Government to that of the American United States, on the 4th of last November, and accepted by the American Government in the beginning of January. The meeting of the plenipotentiaries is appointed to be at Gottenburg.

[4] December 19, a British force from Canada took the fort of Niagara by surprise; and, on the 30th, a party of British and Indians defeated the Americans under Gen. Hall, near the village of Buffalo, on the Niagara frontier.

[4] The Thames is now completely frozen over between Blackfriars and London bridges, with the exception of a narrow stream in the middle, which, however, is passable by means of planks. The frozen surface is covered with tents, booths, bands of itinerant musicians, and immense crowds of merry-makers—some dancing in parties, some playing at skittles, others carousing round large fires.—There are also several printing-presses, at which are printed small pieces in prose and verse, commemorative of the extraordinary scene.

[5] Yesterday, a fair was held on the Thames, attended by a number of respectable tradesmen offering goods of various descriptions for sale.—On the same day, a fair was held on the ice at Chiswick.

[5] Decemb. 17, the President of the American United States sanctioned an act of Congress laying a general embargo on all the ports of the Union.

[5] Jan. 26, the town and citadel of Hertogenbosch [or Bois-le-Duc] surrendered to the Prussians under Gen. Von Bulow. Of the French garrison of 900 men, 800 are, as prisoners of war, to be sent to Siberia.

[5] Jan. 27, the French army, under Bonaparté in person, attacked a body of the allies at St. Dizier in Champagne, and obliged them to retire.

[5] Jan. 31, near Stock, in Essex, six sheep, which had been twelve days missing, were dug out from under the snow, alive, and in good condition, except that they were much reduced in flesh.

[5] Recent letters from the south-west parts of Ireland announce that it had snowed during eight successive days, and that the snow still continued to fall, at the time of writing.

[5] A number of the large white birds from Norway, commonly known by the name of wild swans, have lately made their appearance in the neighbourhood of Boston. Their coming is deemed predictive of a continuance of severe weather, as they have not been observed in this part of the world for some years.

[7] The directors of the National Bank at Paris, in their proceedings of January 18, have stated that their cash-payments, in the month of December, amounted to £1,616,666 sterling—their discounts, during the year 1813, to £27,547,117—and their notes in circulation, at the date of their report, to £1,402,958.

[7] At the general quarter sessions for the borough of Lynn, Ann Clark was tried for attempting to stab her husband, Mr. W. Clark, ship-master, and, being convicted, received sentence of death.

[8] Lord Castlereagh, the British plenipotentiary to the intended congress to treat of a general peace, arrived at Basle on the 18th of January.

[8] King *Joseph Bonaparté* was at Paris on the 1st of February, reviewing his brother's troops.

[8] *Snow.—Dublin.*—The valleys beneath the lofty mountain of Kippure are completely choked with snow; it exhibits at present a truly picturesque and awful scene. The drifts are from 50 to 100 feet, formed in regular gradation from the base to the summit, insomuch that the country around appears like a desert filled with snow.

[8] *Libel.*—The celebrated *Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke*, convicted of a libellous publication against Mr. Fitzgerald, chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, was sentenced, yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, to nine months' imprisonment, and afterward to find sureties for her good behaviour.

[8] *Subscriptions*, amounting to above £1,200, have been raised, for the relief of the poor, in the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster.

[9] Jan. 12, at midnight, the Prussians took Wittemberg by storm. All of the garrison who did not throw down their arms, were put to the sword.

[9] On the 18th of January, Count Platoff, with his Cossacks, was at Neufchateau, only 75 miles from Paris.—Recent French papers mention their being at Sens, not more than 60 miles from the capital.

[9] *Lottery Insurance.*—Yesterday, at Bow-street, Edward Higgins, charged with taking illegal insurances in the state lottery, was convicted as "a rogue and vagabond," and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Bridewell.

[10] The ordinary Cortes held their first sitting at Madrid, Jan. 15.

[10] A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Taunton, a few days ago, killed three couple of woodcocks at one shot, as they were feeding at a warm spring.

[10] *Cat-Butcher.*—Geo. Ferguson had lately been charged with a nuisance, in harbouring by his bed-side about forty dead cats: but that not being an offence cognisable by the magistrate, he was dismissed. Afterward, however, having skinned the cats, and laid their carcases in the carriage-way, in violation of an act of Geo. III, he was, yesterday, at Marlborough-street office, sentenced to a fine of 20 shillings, and, in default of payment, to two months' imprisonment.

[11] About the beginning of January, a conflagration at New York destroyed a great number of houses, together with a church, which alone was valued at 100,000 dollars.

[11] *Negotiation for Peace.—Paris, Feb.* 5.—On the 4th in the morning, Count Stadion, Count Rasumowski, Lord Castlereagh, and Baron Humboldt, arrived at Châtillon-sur-Seine, where the Duke of Vicenza had already arrived. The first visits on both sides have been made, and the first conference was to take place between the plenipotentiaries the same evening.

[11] *Libel.*—Yesterday, in the court of King's Bench, William Earle, for a libel on Mr. Buckhardt in "*The Scourge*," was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Newgate, a fine of £100, and to find sureties for his good behaviour.

[11] The Duke of Cambridge, on his arrival in Hanover, was surprised to find, that all the cannon of that garrison, consisting of fine brass ordnance, had been so securely interred before the French entered it, as to be all dug up in good order the day after his arrival; and—what was no uncomfortable appendage to this incident—all the wines belonging to the royal cellars, having been deposited with similar care, were brought to light on the day of general rejoicing there for his royal highness'es installation.

[11] *Swindling.*—During the late severe weather, whilst the poor were suffering so much from want and cold, four men, of respectable appearance, accompanied by a fifth in the garb of a beadle, applied to several of the inhabitants of Mary-le-bone, and the adjoining parishes, for contributions, in aid of a fund which they said was forming for the relief of the poor. In many cases they succeeded, and obtained various sums. They were provided with a book, in which they entered the names of the subscribers, and the sums given; and, before the fraud was discovered, it is supposed they had collected upwards of £100. Similar frauds have been practised in various parts of Islington and the City-road, and, as is supposed, by the same gang.

[12] *Promise of Marriage.*—A Mr. Williamson, having made to a lady a promise of marriage, broke that promise:—the lady died; and her administrator brought an action against Mr. W. for his breach of promise: but it was, yesterday, decided in the Court of King's Bench, that, as the supposed injury was personal, and no pecuniary damage was alleged, the personal action had died with the person, and could not be maintained by the administrator.

[14] Jan. 2, the allies took possession of Dantzic, containing, at the time of its

surrender, a garrison of 18,000 men, of whom the French and Italians (near 12,000 in number) are sent prisoners of war into Russia.

[14] Jan. 17, Marshal Blucher had his head quarters at Nanci, the chief city of Lorraine.

[14] Jan. 22, the Austrians entered Dijon.

[14] *Battle of Brienne.*—Feb. 1, in the vicinity of Brienne, an allied force of about 70, or 80,000 men, under Gen. Blucher, attacked the French army, about equal in numbers, commanded by Bonaparté in person. The conflict was obstinately maintained from noon till near midnight, and terminated in the defeat of the French, with the loss of 73 pieces of cannon, and 4000 prisoners. Bonaparté exposed himself much in this battle, and is said to have had a horse shot under him.—Soon after midnight, the French retreated toward Vitry, Troyes, and Arcy.

[14] Feb. 1, at 6 in the evening, the French precipitately fled from Brussels, which was almost immediately entered by a handful of Cossacks, and, next day, by 1500 Prussians.—Gen. Bulow arrived there on the 6th, and, soon after his arrival, was presented with the keys of Ghent by a deputation of some of the principal inhabitants of that city.

[14] A number of the king's swans have been stolen from off the River Thames within these few nights, and their heads, &c. found on the strand near Kew bridge. A gander, a drake, and a number of ducks, have also been stolen from the Serpentine River.

[14] *Fire at the Custom-House.*—Feb. 12, about 6 in the morning, a fire broke out in the Custom-house in Lower Thames-street: and, although the engines arrived soon after seven, the flames had gained such ascendency by eight o'clock, that all further attempts to save the building were abandoned, as hopeless.—At half past nine, a quantity of gunpowder (lodged somewhere in the building) blew up with a tremendous explosion, of which the shock broke all the windows in Cannon-street, East-Cheap, and the adjoining streets, and was felt at the distance of four miles in the direction of the Whitechapel road.—By one o'clock, the whole of the Custom-house and the adjoining warehouses were completely reduced to a heap of ruins; and a great proportion of the public papers, lodged in the different offices, were destroyed, together with valuable property, public and private, to a very considerable amount.—The flames had early invaded the houses opposite to the Custom-house, ten of which were burned down by two o'clock; and the conflagration, in its progress, rapidly enveloped all the tenements from Beer-street to Water-lane.—It was not completely subdued till a late hour at night.—The building (which was private property, and only rented by Government) was insured by different individuals, to the amount of £100,000.

[15] *Libel.*—Feb. 10, John Magee, for having published, in "*The Dublin Evening Post*," the resolutions of the Catholics of Kilkenny, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, a fine of a thousand pounds, and to give securities to keep the peace.

[15] *Assault.*—A gentleman, being obstructed in his ride in Hyde-Park by one of the under keepers, leaped off his horse, and, placing himself in pugilistic attitude, challenged the man to fight; and, on his refusal, declared, that, if ever he met him out of the Park, he would chastise him. For this, the gentleman was yesterday sentenced to a fine of twenty shillings at the Middlesex sessions; the Court declaring, that, in the eye of the law, his conduct amounted to an assault.

[16] Feb. 5, a detachment from Gen. D'Yorck's army took possession of Vitry: Feb. 6, he took Châlons by capitulation, after a short bombardment; and, Feb. 7, the allies entered Troyes, from which the French troops had fled during the preceding night.

[16] *Vivacity.*—Two sheep, belonging to Mr. Colman, of Great Ellingham, which had been lost on the 6th of January, were found alive, in a hollow, under a heap of snow, on the 9th inst.

[19] *The King of Spain*, Ferdinand VII. so long detained a prisoner by Bonaparté, has at length been liberated, and, on the 9th of January, arrived at Paris—thence to proceed to Spain.—Previous to his enlargement, he had been prevailed on to conclude a treaty with Bonaparté, highly advantageous to the latter, and disadvantageous to Spain and Great Britain: but that treaty, concluded while the king was in *duresse*, will, of course, be held null and void.

[19] *British Prisoners in France.*—On the approach of the allied powers, the prisoners from Biche (masters of merchantmen) were marched to Sedan, handcuffed together two and two, with one long chain, which ran from one couple to another through the number of twenty; and, on

their arrival at Sedan, had to sleep in stables, on the bare stones, or on damp straw, in places still inferior.

[19] *Mouse and Notes.*—Mr. Lang, of Littletown, in Yorkshire, lately missed from his desk two bills of exchange. On examination, a small hole being perceived in the back of the desk, and another in the floor beneath it, search was made under the floor, where a mouse's nest was discovered, comfortably lined with the notes torn to small pieces; though luckily sufficient of the writing still remained, to identify them.

[21] Jan. 11, Cataro was yielded by capitulation to a British force; and, in the night of the 17th, the fortress of Grado was stormed by the Austrians.

[21] *American privateers* are, by an act of Congress, allowed twenty-five dollars per head, for British prisoners brought into the United States.

[22] A treaty has been concluded between the Austrian Emperor and Murat, Bonaparté's king of Naples, who has joined the confederacy against France.

[22] The Norwegians, dissatisfied with the treaty which would subject them to the Swedish government, have determined to assert their independence, as a separate state, and have issued a proclamation to that effect.

[23] *Arson.—Bigamy.—Old Bailey.*—Yesterday, at the close of the sessions, sentence of death was passed on fifteen criminals—one of them, W. Sturman, convicted of having designedly *set fire to his own house*, with intent to defraud an insurance company, though the fire did very little damage *within* the house, and *none at all* without; the act itself constituting the crime, independent of its consequences.—Six were sentenced to transportation for life—five for fourteen years—twenty-one for seven years, among whom was one for *bigamy*.—Twenty-four were sentenced to imprisonment for various periods, and sixteen to be privately whipped.

[23] *Stock-jobbing Conspiracy.* — Feb. 21, between 2 and 3 in the morning, an express arrived at Deal from Dover, with a letter for the Port-Admiral Foley, purporting to be from Col. De Bourgh, aide-de-camp to Lord Cathcart, announcing his arrival from France with dispatches of the highest importance, namely, the defeat and death of Bonaparté, and the entry of the Allied Sovereigns into Paris, in order that the admiral might make the necessary communication, by telegraph, to London, as soon as day-light appeared. The admiral, however, dispatched one of his domestics to Dover, to ascertain the correctness of the statement; when it was found that a person in the military garb, with a star and medal of merit, arrived at the Ship inn that morning about ten o'clock, and stated that he was from France, and was the bearer of the intelligence above alluded to, and ordered a chaise and four for London immediately; but the deception was soon discovered from a written date on a bank-note with which he had paid his bill.—The same day, however, at half-past eleven, a chaise and four, procured for the purpose from Sittingbourne, the horses decorated with laurel, and the persons within wearing the white cockade, passed over London Bridge, and proceeded towards the west end of the town. This, for a time, answered the purpose of confirming the news; and the chaise suddenly turned off from Fleet-street, over Black-friars' Bridge, and was no more heard of.—Previous to its appearance, immense purchases were made in the funds by the agents of the conspirators, in the expectation of again selling out at a great advantage on the arrival of the telegraphic dispatch from Deal, which, however, did not arrive.

[23] *Inundations.* — From the recent thaw, the river Witham lately rose eight feet above its usual level, broke the banks in many places, and inundated all the lands west of Lincoln, on toward Gainsborough.—Boultham bridge (erected last year) has been swept away by the flood.

[25] The late Paris papers, and the official dispatches to our Government, notice several serious engagements, within the French territory, between the native forces and the allied invaders, viz. Feb. 10, at Champ-Aubert, near Sézanne—Feb. 11, at Montmirail — Feb. 12, at Château-Thierry—Feb. 14, at Vauchamp—Feb. 18, at Nangis—Feb. 19, at Montereau.—From the accounts on both sides, it appears, that, upon the whole, Bonaparté has had the advantage, and the allies have suffered some heavy losses, though not any alarming discomfiture; since they were still able to retire in good order.

[25] An article from Milan says, that the King of Naples, by a proclamation of Jan. 17, publicly announced his accession to the confederacy against France, and that his troops immediately took possession of Rome, in the name of the allies.

---

*** *For the* Births, Marriages, *and* Deaths, *see the back of the Title-page.*